

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 35.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.]

London, Saturday, February 26, 1859.

[Price 4d., Stamped 5d.]

**THE FRIENDS OF THE CLERGY CORPORATION.** Supported by voluntary contributions. For allowing Permanent Pensions, of not less than £300 and not exceeding £40 per annum, to the Widows and Orphan Unmarried Daughters of Clergymen of the Established Church, and giving temporary Assistance to necessitous Clergymen and their families throughout England, Wales, and Ireland.

**President:**—The Most Noble the Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex.

The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will be celebrated at the London Tabernacle, Bishopsgate Street, on MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1859.

His Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH in the Chair.

FIRST LIST OF STEWARDS.

His Grace the Duke of Manchester.  
His Grace the Duke of Wellington.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Chichester.  
The Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam.  
The Right Hon. Earl of Guilford.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Lauderdale.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Manvers.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.  
The Right Hon. Lord Palmerston.  
The Right Hon. Lord Poltimore.  
The Hon. George Byng, M.P.  
The Hon. R. E. Arden, Esq.  
The Ven. Archdeacon Bentinck.  
Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P.  
Sir A. G. Hastings, Bart.  
Sir Wm. H. and Rev. H. Bertia,  
D.L.

The Hon. George Byng, M.P.  
The Hon. R. E. Arden, Esq.

J. H. B. Arden, Esq., M.P.  
Admiral Vernon Harcourt.

Mrs. Ald and Sheriff Hale.

Mr. Sheriff Conder.

Mr. Benjamin Payne.

R. E. Arden, Esq.

The ANNUIVERSARY SERMON will be Preached (D.V.) at All Soul's Church, Langham Place, on WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1859, by the Very REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,

Rev. JOHN E. COX, M.A., F.S.A., } Hon.

J. NEWTON GOREN, Esq., M.A., } Secs.

HENRY BRAMALL, Esq., Secretary.

Office of the Corporation, 4, St. Martin's Place, London, W.C.

**THE FRIEND OF THE CLERGY CORPORATION.** For affording temporary Assistance to Necessitous Clergymen and their Families, throughout England, Wales, and Ireland.—Since the year 1851, the Committee has distributed, in special grants, among numerous applicants in necessitous circumstances, the sum of £7500. £5000 now find with respect that the funds at their disposal are insufficient to meet the demands of the many cases that require immediate assistance. Much as public liberality has enabled them to do it has still, as it were, only opened the way to a wider field for exertion; each year that the Society becomes more generally known increases the number of anxious applicants for its relief, and develops new cases for the exercise of its charity, far beyond the means afforded to meet them.

The Rev. JOHN E. COX, M.A., F.S.A., } Hon.

J. NEWTON GOREN, Esq., M.A., } Secs.

HENRY BRAMALL, Secretary.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE LONDON.**—67 and 68, HARLEY STREET, W., incorporated by Royal Charter, in 1853, for the General Education of Ladies, and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.

A special course of Five Lectures on HOMER will be delivered on TUESDAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 6th and the four following TUESDAYS, by the Rev. R. W. BROWNE, M.A., Ph. D., Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. For the course, £1. 10s. A syllabus is printed, and may be had on application to Mrs. Williams, Queen's College.

The proceeds of the lectures will be applied towards the increase of the Endowment Fund.

Gentlemen are admissible to this course on an introduction from a Lady Visitor, a Member of the Council, or a Professor.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

**PROFESSOR OWEN,** Superintendent of the Natural History Department, British Museum, will deliver a Course of TWELVE LECTURES ON "FISHES," in the Theatre of the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, on THURSDAYS and FRIDAYS, at half-past Two, commencing on the 10th of MARCH, 1859. Tickets to be had at the Museum, Jermyn Street. Fee for the course, 5s.

RODERICK I. MURCHISON, Director.

**MARYLEBONE LITERARY INSTITUTION,** 17, EDWARDS STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.

On THURSDAY, MARCH the 3rd, Mr. EDWIN AATHERSTONE, Author of "The Handwriting on the Wall," "The Fall of Nineveh," &c., will read Two Books from his unpublished poem, "ISRAEL IN EGYPT," the subjects, MOSES IN PRESENCE OF PHARAOH, and MOSES TESTIFIED BY A DEMON.

The Reading will commence at 8 P.M., and will occupy one hour and three-quarters. Tickets, 2s. each, to be had in the Library.

**MR. HENRY NICHOLLS** will DECLAIM the OEDIPUS AT COLONOS of SOPHOCLES, with MENDELSSOHN'S MUSIC, at the CRYSTAL PALACE, this day, at 2.30 P.M. Communications respecting Mr. Nicholls's Readings of Shakespeare, Milton, &c., 16, Howard Street, Strand.

South Wales, Devon, and Cornwall, in March.

## BELFAST FINE ART SOCIETY AND EXHIBITION OF MODERN WORKS OF ART.

1859.

PRESIDENT—THE LORD DUFFERIN AND CLANEBOYE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Marquis of Donegall.  
Marquis of Londonderry.  
Marquis of Downshire.  
The Lord Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore.  
Lord Lurgan.  
Sir James Emerson Tennent.

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TREASURER—James Girdwood, Esq.  
Hon. SECRETARY—W. S. Tracy, Esq.  
SECRETARY—Samuel Vance, Esq.

The Committee are happy to announce that the Exhibitions of Works of Art, which have been unavoidably interrupted for want of suitable accommodation, will be resumed this year in THE GALLERY, Donegall Place, and will open in the month of April next.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.—Artists will please send their works to Mr. JOSEPH GREEN, 1, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, London, before SATURDAY, MARCH 10th, or to THE GALLERY, Donegall Place, Belfast, before SATURDAY, 26th MARCH.

Belfast, 17th February, 1859.

**A RT-UNION OF LONDON.**—SUBSCRIPTION, ONE GUINEA.—Prize holders select from the public exhibitions. Every subscriber has a chance of a valuable prize, and an impression of a large and important engraving, by C. W. SHARPE, from the celebrated picture by W. P. FRITH, R.A., the property of Majesty, "LIFE AT THE SEA-SIDE." Now ready for delivery.

44, West Strand. GEORGE GODWIN, } Honorary Secretaries.  
LEWIS POOCOCK, }

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.**—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

**THE SIXTH EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY** is NOW OPEN, at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street. Daily from 10 till 8.

**WHITTINGTON CLUB AND METROPOLITAN ATHENÆUM, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND.**

PRESIDENT—MR. ALDERMAN MECHL.

A GRAND FULL DRESS BALL will be given on the 1st of MARCH, 1859, in the Drawing and Refreshment Room, the Music-room, &c., Parties on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, &c., in the spacious Reading room (supplied with all the principal London and provincial papers, magazines, &c.), the new Smoking-room, the Music-room, &c., are also re-opened. Classes for Languages, Fencing, Music, &c., formed. Parliamentary Society for Political Debates. Half-yearly subscription, £1. 10s. Full particulars may be had at the Secretary's office.

E. R. RUSSELL, Sec. pro tem.

**MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.**—Fresh Copies of every recent Work of acknowledged merit and general interest in HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, and the HIGHER CLASS OF FICTION, continue to be added to this Library as freely as Subscribers may require them.

The present rate of increase exceeds ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND VOLUMES per Annum.

Single Subscription, One Guinea Per Annum. First-Class Country Subscription, Two Guineas and upwards, according to the number of Volumes required.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, New Oxford Street, London, and Cross Street, Manchester.

**WOOD-ENGRAVING.**—MR. GILKS respectfully announces that he continues to execute every branch of the Art in the best style, and at most reasonable charge. Labels, Show-cards, and Trade Catalogues DESIGNED and PRINTED.—London, 21, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

**CAUTION.—MONSIEUR LOUIS PHIL F. DE PORQUET,** Author of "Le Trésor," REMOVED to 14, TAVISTOCK STREET, IN "ENTERTAINMENT GARDEN."—Please to Observe No. 14, to see the subjects, MOSES IN PRESENCE OF PHARAOH, and MOSES TESTIFIED BY A DEMON.

The Reading will commence at 8 P.M., and will occupy one hour and three-quarters. Tickets, 2s. each, to be had in the Library.

**DR. H. JAMES,** the retired Physician, discovered while in the East Indies a certain Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy is described in his only book, a pamphlet, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now a healthy and useful Desirous of helping his fellow creatures, he will send post free to those who wish it, the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, on their remitting him six stamps. Address O. P. Brown, 18, Cecil Street, Strand.

The public is respectfully informed that the present arrangement of powers can only be continued for a very short time, in consequence of the forthcoming production of another and the last Shaksperean revival under the present management.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS MANAGER.

MONDAY ..... HAMLET.  
TUESDAY ..... A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  
WEDNESDAY ..... LOUIS XI.  
THURSDAY ..... MACBETH.  
FRIDAY ..... A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  
SATURDAY ..... THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

And the PANTOMIME every evening.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.**

On MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, 1859 (being the Ninth Concert of the Series), the Programme will be exclusively devoted to a Selection from the CHAMBER and OPERATIC MUSIC, VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL, of JOSEPH HAYDN and CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

CONDUCTOR ..... MR. BENEDICT.

## PROGRAMME.

PART I.—HAYDN.

QUARTET containing the Variations on "God save the Emperor," for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. HAYDN.  
MR. H. BLAGROVE, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

CANZONET, "She never told her love" ..... HAYDN.

Madame ENDERSOHN.

RECIT. and AIR, "When singeth Phœbus 'gins to rise". HAYDN.

Mr. SANTLEY.

TRIO in G major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. HAYDN.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER, Herr RIES, and Signor PIATTI.

RECIT. and AIR, "Now over the dreary waste" ..... HAYDN.

Mr. WILBY COOPER.

CANZONET, "The Wanderer" ..... HAYDN.

Miss PALMER.

MOTET, "The arm of the Lord" ..... HAYDN.

Madame ENDERSOHN, Miss PALMER, Mr. WILBY COOPER, and Mr. SANTLEY.

PART II.—WEBER.

TRIO in G minor, for Pianoforte, Flute, and Violoncello. WEBER.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER, Mr. R. S. PRATTEN, and Signor PIATTI.

SONG, "For as the waters of that still tide" ..... WEBER.

Mr. SANTLEY.

DUET, "Come, be gay" ..... WEBER.

Madame ENDERSOHN and Miss STABBACH.

CHAMBER DUETS ..... WEBER.

MR. BENEDICT and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER.

RONDO, "I'd weep with thee" ..... WEBER.

Mr. WILBY COOPER.

SONG, "I think of thee" ..... WEBER.

Miss STABBACH.

QUARTET, "Over the dark blue waters" ..... WEBER.

Misses STABBACH and PALMER.

Messrs. WILBY COOPER and SANTLEY.

Sofa Stalls, 5s. Reserved Seats, Balcony, 3s. Unreserved Seats, 1s.

ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 7th, A BEETHOVEN NIGHT.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

CLASSICAL SERIES.—Monday Evening, February 25, HAYDN and WEBER.—Monday Evening, March 7, BEETHOVEN.

—ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 14th, there will be NO CONCERT, owing to the Hall being engaged by the New Philharmonic Society.—Monday Evening, March 21.

Monday Evening, March 28.—HANDEL and BACH.

CONDUCTOR ..... MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s. Reserved Seats (Balcony), 3s. Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Which may be obtained at the Ticket Office of the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; CRAMER, BEALE, & CO.'s, and HAMMOND'S, Regent Street; OLIVIER'S, Old Bond Street; LEADER & COOKES, and CHAPPELL'S, 50, New Bond Street.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—Professor W. S. BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, and BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY will be given on TUESDAY, MARCH 1st, under the direction of Mr. JOHN MULLER, Principal Vocalist:—Miss Banks, Miss Martin, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Santley, 1s. 2s. 6d.; stalls, 5s. Commerce at 8.

## BENNETT ON "THE WATCH."

The Lecture profusely illustrated with Diagrams, Specimens, and Models of Clocks and Watches—

February 22nd, Richmond. March 12th, Leatherhead.

March 7th, Ewell. March 13th, Bedfont Institute.

“ 10th, Crosby Hall. “ 19th, Bedfont Institute.

Syllabuses at the Watch Manufactory, 65, Cheapside.

**PIANOFORTES, SECOND-HAND.**—  
CRAMER, BEALE, & Co. have a stock of various descriptions—301, Regent Street.

CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.'s New Patent HARMONIUMS, and every variety warranted.—301, Regent Street.

**THE AQUARIUM.—LLOYD'S DESCRIPTIVE LIST.** 128 pages, and 80 Cuts, for Thirteen Stamps. W. ALDRIDGE, Portland Road, London, W.

### Sales by Auction.

*Illustrated Books, in Handsome Bindings.*

**M**R. HODGSON will SELL by AUCTION, at his New Rooms, the corner of Fleet Street and Chancery Lane, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, at half-past 12, an Assemblage of

### FINE PICTORIAL WORKS,

Comprising copies of Layar's large work on Nineveh, 171 plates—Watteau's Cathedrals—Cook's Rome—W. Hunt's Popular Sketches, 32 coloured plates—Hogarth's Tableaux—Finden's Tableaux—Finden's Gallery of the Graces—Pyne's Lake Scenery—Burns' Poems and Songs, morocco extra—Butterflies in their Floral Homes, coloured plates, &c. &c.

To be viewed, and Catalogues had.

*The Library of the late W. WALKER DRAKE, Esq., of Walthamstow.*

**M**R. HODGSON will SELL by AUCTION, at his New Rooms, the corner of Fleet Street and Chancery Lane, on TUESDAY, MARCH 8th, and two following days,

### THE VALUABLE LIBRARY OF THE LATE W. WALKER DRAKE, ESQ.,

Removed from Walthamstow, comprising Lodge's Portraits, India proofs, 4 vols.—Shakespeare, 4th edition—Hunter's South Yorkshire—Gallery of Contemporary Portraits, 2 vols.—Perry's Chonology—Hogarth's Works, early impressions—Quain's Anatomy, 4 vols.—Watt's Bibliotheca, 4 vols.—Jameison's Scottish Dictionary, 4 vols.—Barry's History of Medicine, 1 vol.—Browne's Microscopic and Microscopic Specimens, 45 vols.—Philosophical Transactions Abridged, 12 vols.—A large collection of Standard, Historical and Theological Works, Law Books, and Modern Literature. A Compound Microscope, a Portable Orrery, an Achromatic Telescope, &c. &c.

To be viewed, and Catalogues had.

*Pall Mall.—Choice English Pictures.*

**M**ESSRS. FOSTER will SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, the 2nd MARCH, at One o'clock,

### A CAPITAL COLLECTION OF MODERN PICTURES,

Including Alpine Scenery, a grand landscape by T. Creswick, R.A.; Sabrina and the Nymphs, a capital work, by R. Howard, R.A.; the Blind Piper, a late work by F. Goodall, A.R.A.; pair of Large Views in Society, by R. Bowdler Sharpe; the Four Elements, and the Wedding March, by R. Redgrave, R.A.; a pair of large Poetry Pictures by Barker; The Battle of Waterloo, Bewitching Eyes, by J. Sant; Three Important Works by Sidney Cooper, A.R.A., including a grand Cattle piece, his chef-d'œuvre; the First Pair of Trews, by R. W. Hill, a fine example; and an excellent picture by W. Miller, and many other examples of the most popular masters.

On View, Monday and Tuesday, Catalogues had at Messrs. Foster's, 54, Pall Mall.

*Pall Mall.—Choice Water-Colour Drawings.*

**M**ESSRS. FOSTER will SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall-Mall, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, at 1 o'clock,

### A COLLECTION OF VERY FINE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

Including admirable examples of most of the leading artists, viz.—  
Barrett, Geo. Fielding, C. Nash Steedman, Amy  
Bentley, C. Flippin, C. Oakley Topham  
Bright, Hardy Oliver Turner, J. M. W.  
Callow, Hunt, W. Poole, P. F. Varley  
Castlemore, Johnson, H. Prout, J. Vickers  
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Davidson

Also 40 lots of artists' sketches and works by the late T. Uwins, Esq.—54, Pall-Mall.

*Pall Mall.—English Pictures of Rare Excellence, the Property of THOMAS TODD, Esq.*

**M**ESSRS. FOSTER have received directions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, at 1 o'clock, the small but precious

### COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PICTURES,

Selected from the studios of the authors, or from distinguished cabinets, by Mr. Todd, whose nice discrimination and cultivated taste has been long known and appreciated by a large circle of amateurs and collectors. The collection was founded by Mr. Todd, of which seven were prominent ornaments in the Manchester Art Treasures' Exhibition—A Landscape by Gainsborough, his chef-d'œuvre; Dutch Boats, C. Stanfield, R.A.; Sheep Folding and View at Hampstead, J. Linnell; a Lady with a Fan, C. R. Leslie, R.A.; the 3rd Lord Byron, by Sir Wm. Beechey, R.A.; a River Scene, and River Scene, by Lee and Cooper; the Post-Office by F. Goodall, R.A.; the Nearest Way in Summer, by Creswick and Andrell (the Engraved Picture); Two charming Examples of Baxter; View in Edinburgh, in Water Colours, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; and other choice works, of which further notice will be given.—54, Pall Mall.

*Miscellaneous Books in all Branches of Literature, from the Libraries of Amateurs.*

**M**ESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN WILKINSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works connected with the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, and three following days, a

### VALUABLE ASSEMBLAGE OF WORKS,

Comprising Selections from the Libraries of Amateurs, consisting of rare Theological, Classical, and Miscellaneous Books, English, Latin, and French Authors, and Testaments of English, Latin, and other Versions of the Holy Scriptures, Missals and Hours of the Virgin, Books of Engravings, and Valuable Works in the various Departments of Literature.

May be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had on receipt of four stamps.

*The Cabinet of Saxon and English Coins of a well-known Collector.*

**M**ESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN WILKINSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works connected with the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, on MONDAY, MARCH 7, the

### VALUABLE CABINET OF COINS AND MEDALS,

The property of a well-known Collector, comprising Saxon and English Coins in silver and gold, embracing fine and rare Specimens of the Different Mintages; Roman Large Brass; Consular and Imperial Denarii; a few Greek Coins, in Silver.

May be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had on receipt of two stamps.

*A Collection of Miniatures, Enamels, Personal Gold and Silver Articles, &c., the Property of a well-known Collector.*

**M**ESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN WILKINSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works connected with the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, on TUESDAY, MARCH 8, some

### VALUABLE PERSONAL GOLD ORNAMENTS,

Miniatures, Enamels, Silver Articles, Gold Rings, set with Diamonds and other Precious Stones, Brooches, Seals, &c., the property of a well-known Collector.

May be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had on receipt of two stamps.

*Miscellaneous Coins and Medals, the Property of a Gentleman.*

**M**ESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN WILKINSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works connected with the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9,

### A COLLECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS COINS AND MEDALS,

The Property of a Gentleman, comprising some very fine Specimens of Roman Coins in Gold and Copper; English Gold Coins, including the fine Sovereign of Edward the Sixth, of his fourth year, m.m. Drury's Head, and the Spur Rial of James the First; Mahogany Cabinets.

May be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had on receipt of two stamps.

### Valuable Works.

**S**OUTHGATE & BARRETT will SELL by AUCTION at their Rooms, 22, Fleet Street, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, and Three Following Days,

### A COLLECTION OF BOOKS IN ALL CLASSES OF LITERATURE,

Including a Library removed from Notting Hill, among which are

*In Folio*—Vetus Monumeta, including the Bayeux Tapestry, 5 vols. calf gilt; Rapin and Tindal's England, 5 vols. Russia; Gwillim's Heraldry, calf; Hearst's Works, Morocco; Humphrey's illuminated Manuscript, 16 vols.; Thomas Lawrence's Works, Large Illustrations, 2 vols.; Sir Thomas Lawrence's Works; Kneller (H. Gally) Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, 2 vols.; Bayle's Dictionary, best edition, 5 vols.; Cranner's Bible black letter, 1566; Carter's Ancient Architecture of England, morocco.

*In Quarto*—Archologia, 28 vols.; Transactions of the Linnean Society, 1821 to 1857; Clinton's Fasti Hellenici, 3 vols.; Westwood's Porphyrographia Sacra pictoria, morocco; Demosthenes et Socrates, cum Notis Taylori, 3 vols. large paper, rare; Maps of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 2 vols.

*In Octavo*—Dugald Stewart's Collected Works, 10 vols.; Johnson's Works, Oxford edition, 9 vols.; calf gilt; Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, 12 vols.; Somers, 3 vols.; Curiosities of Literature, 10 vols.; Mallet's History of France, 12 vols.; Cicero's Letters, 53 vols., half Russia; Cicero's Opera omnia, ex recens. Ernesti, 8 vols. Large Paper; Book of Gems, 3 vols., turkey morocco; William's Views in Greece, 2 vols., turkey morocco; Platonic Opera, 2 vols.; Transactions of the Royal Society, 21 vols.; Leibnitz's Logica, 3 vols.; Mechanics' Magazine, 1811 to 1834, 27 vols., half calf; Jennings's Landscape Annual, 6 vols., Large Paper; Dodgson's Old Plays, 12 vols., calf; Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, 17 vols.; Locke's Works, 10 vols., calf; Horne's Works, 4 vols.; Volney's Ruins of Empire, 6 vols., calf gilt; Coleridge's Works, 10 vols.; Macaulay's History, 4 vols.; Pictorial England, 6 vols., calf gilt; Sharpe's British Classics, 34 vols., calf; Michaelis's Works, 12 vols. calf.

Highly curious and extensive collections, particularly one relating to Fools, Jesters, Burlesques, Festivals of Former Ages, and Mummuries, illustrated with 500 Drawings and Prints, many very rare. Manuscript Correspondence of Sir Egerton Brydges, and Autographs, &c., &c., may be viewed and Catalogues had.

*Sale of the "Raine Library," on Monday, February 26, 1859, and following days.*

**M**Y. the Representatives of the late JAMES RAINES, of DURHAM, to SELL by AUCTION, on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859, and following days, in the LIBRARY at CROOK HALL, near the CITY of DURHAM, the residence of the deceased gentleman,

### THE UNIQUE AND INVALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS,

Consisting of upwards of Three Thousand Volumes of Antiquarian, Topographical, and Classical Literature, profusely enriched with M.S. Annotations by the Learned Doctor,

#### ORDER OF SALE.—

On MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26th.—*Octavo et infra*, from A to C; *Quarto*, from A to D; *Folio*, from A to C.

On TUESDAY, March 1.—*Octavo et infra*, from D to J; *Quarto*, from D to H; *Folio*, from H to M.

On WEDNESDAY, March 2.—*Octavo et infra*, from K to S; *Quarto*, from I to R; *Folio*, from C to P.

On THURSDAY, March 3.—*Octavo et infra*, from S to Z; *Quarto*, from R to Y; *Folio*, from P to Y; and also Engravings and Paintings.

The Sale to commence each Morning at Ten for Eleven.

CATALOGUES (One Shilling each) may be had on application to MR. HARDCASTLE, at "The Sunderland Sale Offices," and to the following Booksellers:—MESSRS. RIVINGTON & CO., LONDON; MR. ANDREWS, DURHAM; MR. SAMSON, YORK; MR. CHARNET, and MR. COOPER, NEWCASTLE; MR. HARRIS, MANCHESTER; MR. JENNETT & CO., and MESSRS. ROBINSON, STOCKTON-ON-TRENT; MESSRS. CO. CARLISLE; EDINBURGH: MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK.

N.B.—The Household Furniture and Effects and Old Pictures will be Sold on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8 and 9.

Sunderland Sale Offices, Dec. 29, 1858.

### DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, NO. 315. MARCH, 1859.

ITALY.

BURIAL OF THE REV. T. WOLFE.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

AN HOUR AGO, OR TIME IN DREAMLAND.

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDEN.

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## REVIEWS.

*On Liberty.* By John Stuart Mill. (Parker & Son.)

If this volume may be accepted as the first fruits of Mr. Mill's retirement from office, the country has already gained considerably by the abolition of the East India Company; for slight as the essay is in form, it is altogether invaluable in substance. It contains a profound and vigorous exposition, on first principles, of one of the most important subjects that can possibly engage the attention of individual thinkers, or of society in general. Both the subject and the writer conspire to invest the essay with peculiar interest and value. Mr. Mill is perhaps the first of our living writers on political and social science. He has studied the complex questions connected with government and society, not simply as an historian, but as a philosopher, in order to discover the fundamental laws of human freedom, happiness, and advancement. There is scarcely a single question connected with social order and progress that he has not in some of his writings discussed with a power and originality peculiarly his own. He is well entitled therefore to be heard on the general question of civil or social liberty, which more or less involves every other connected with the welfare of society. An essay on such a subject from such a writer will be sure to excite attention, provoke discussion, and probably arouse opposition; and it is of the utmost importance that it should do this. Whether Mr. Mill's views are right or wrong they must be discussed. Such resolute, and even startling, opinions on a question of vital moment, affecting directly and almost equally every class of society, put forth, too, in such a powerful and effective manner, cannot be treated with indifference.

Mr. Mill's essay is an earnest protest against some, at least, of those very characteristics of modern social life, which are commonly regarded as its most hopeful features. We have read it with great pleasure, and cordially recommend it to all reflective readers. Not that we agree with the whole. The essay contains opinions we do not sympathise with; it expresses doubts and fears we do not share, and indulges in anticipations that are never likely to be realised. But we are glad to have the points upon which we differ put forth in such a clear, impartial, and courageous manner: for truth has nothing whatever to fear from full discussion. And a sincere and able opponent of even our most cherished views often performs a friendly office by quickening dormant principles, and arousing them into more vigorous, varied, and harmonious life. Mr. Mill is remarkably free from the illiberal and contemptuous spirit that renders controversy injurious and offensive. Except in his method of putting two or three illustrations of the general argument, we have nothing to complain of on this score. The argument itself is admirably wrought out, both as to matter and form. The author evidently writes under a strong sense of duty, and with the disinterested enthusiasm inspired by a noble purpose. Beneath the surface of his calmest reasonings there is a glow of intellectual ardour which sufficiently proves how profoundly he is interested in his

work. Other passages in which this feeling is allowed a more direct expression, are fine examples of impassioned logic. The argument rises into a finely-tempered eloquence, appealing quite as powerfully to the imagination and the heart, as to the purely intellectual faculties of judgment and reasoning. It breathes throughout a spirit of lofty patriotism, of noble independence, of sincere devotion to the truth, of manful intrepidity, and enlightened zeal, for the freedom and progress of the race. It is impossible even for those who differ most widely from the opinions of the writer not to admire the intellectual force, the elevated feeling and rare moral courage of the essay. The style is quite in harmony with the general character of the thought, being more animated and direct, but at the same time more perfect, more elaborately finished, than that of any of Mr. Mill's previous writings.

Without attempting anything like detailed criticism at present, we must endeavour to give our readers a brief outline of the subjects discussed in this short but pregnant essay. Mr. Mill commences by an introduction, explaining the kind of liberty of which he proposes to treat. This is civil or social liberty: in other words, the nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual. This question he intimates, though rarely formally stated or discussed, underlies many of the practical controversies of the day, and will soon be recognised as the vital question of the future. In former times the struggle between liberty and authority was always between subjects or classes of subjects and their government. Liberty, then, meant protection against the tyranny of political rulers; and the aim of local patriots, therefore, was to impose limits on the power which these rulers should be suffered to exercise over the community. This was attempted in two ways, by obtaining certain immunities called political liberties or rights, which the ruler could not infringe. And by establishing constitutional checks on the more important acts of the governing power. After a time, however, men began to see that it was by no means necessary for their rulers to be an independent power, opposed in interest to themselves. It would be far better for the magistrates of the state to be their tenants or delegates, removable at pleasure. And to secure such elective and temporary rulers became the great aim of the popular party, wherever such a party existed. This superseded to a great extent the earlier efforts to limit the governing power. With a really popular government such limitation, it was naturally thought, would be no longer necessary. The rulers would be identified with the people, and there could be no fear that the nation would tyrannise over itself. If the rulers were really responsible there could be no danger of oppression, their power being in fact only the nation's own power concentrated, and in a form convenient for exercise. This was the kind of doctrine prevalent among the last generation of European liberalism, and still dominant apparently in the Continental section of it. But this doctrine, however perfect in theory, was soon found to fail in practice. Experience shows that it is quite as necessary to limit a power emanating, as Lord Palmerston would say, "from below," or more accurately from the people themselves, as the earlier one having an independent origin. It was thus discovered that "the tyranny of the

majority" is one of the evils against which society requires protection. Like other tyrannies, this tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still, commonly held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of public authorities. But this is in reality not the chief source of alarm. When society is itself the tyrant, it exercises its power not only through political functionaries and official acts, but through a social despotism more formidable than political oppression. Protection is needed therefore, not only against the tyranny of the magistrate, but against the tyranny of prevailing custom, feeling, and opinion. "There is a limit," Mr. Mill justly holds, "to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence, and to find that limit and maintain it against encroachment is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs as protection against political despotism." To define this limit is the great object of Mr. Mill's essay, as he more fully explains in the following extract:

"The object of this essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilised community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign."

"It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that this doctrine is meant to apply only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties. We are not speaking of children, or of young persons below the age which the law may fix as that of manhood or womanhood. Those who are still in a state to require being taken care of by others, must be protected against their own actions as well as against external injury. For the same reason, we may leave out of consideration those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered as in its natal stage. The early difficulties in the way of spontaneous progress are so great, that there is seldom any choice of means for overcoming them; and a ruler full of the spirit of improvement is warranted in the use of any expedients that will attain an end, perhaps otherwise unattainable. Despotism is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians, provided the end be their improvement, and the means justified by actually effecting that end. Liberty, as a principle, has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. Until then, there is nothing for them but implicit obedience to an Akbar or a Charlemagne, if they are so fortunate as to find one. But as soon as mankind have attained the capacity of being guided to their own improvement by conviction or persuasion (a period long since reached in all nations with whom we need here concern ourselves), compulsion, either in the

direct form or in that of pains and penalties for non-compliance, is no longer admissible as a means to their own good, and justifiable only for the security of others."

Acts hurtful to others society may justly forbid, and some that are beneficial to others it may command; such, for example, as giving evidence in a court of justice and the like. But there is a sphere of action over which society has no control whatever, and Mr. Mill defines this sphere more precisely:

"But there is a sphere of action in which society, as distinguished from the individual, has, if any, only an indirect interest; comprehending all that portion of a person's life and conduct which affects only himself, or if it also affects others, only with their free, voluntary, and undeviated consent and participation. When I say only himself, I mean directly, and in the first instance: for whatever affects himself, may affect others through himself; and the objection which may be grounded on this contingency, will receive consideration in the sequel. This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness; demanding liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but, being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the principle requires liberty of tastes and pursuits; of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow: without impediment from our fellow-creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual, follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combination among individuals; freedom to unite, for any purpose not involving harm to others: the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived.

"No society in which those liberties are not, on the whole, respected, is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified. The only freedom which deserves the name, is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves, than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest."

Mr. Mill discusses the subject thus defined in three chapters: the first "On the Liberty of Thought and Discussion," the second on "Individuality as one of the Elements of Well-Being;" and the third, on "The Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual." In the first he starts with assuming that it is no longer necessary to defend what is called the "liberty of the press," as this has been already amply done by preceding writers, and as it is practically enjoyed in all constitutional countries. Where the government represents the people it will not attempt to exercise any power of coercion over opinion, except in agreement with what it conceives to be their voice. But Mr. Mill denies the right to exercise coercion even in this case. The people, he maintains, have no right to suppress opinions either by themselves or their government. The power itself is illegitimate. "If all mankind minus

one," he says, "were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were the opinion a personal possession of no value, except to the owner, if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error." These hypotheses are separately considered and worked out with rare force of reasoning, and variety of apt and striking illustration. Mr. Mill shows that many opinions now recognised not only as true but as axiomatic, were persecuted at their first promulgation both by law and society; that every effort was made to suppress them, and destroy their authors, and this not only by the venal, the ignorant, and the bigoted, but by the best and more enlightened men of the day. The loss of truth, however, is not the only loss that occurs to society when new opinions are not allowed to be discussed. There is an incalculable loss in the development of social activity and power, free discussion being one of the essential conditions of national life and progress. Such discussion is, in fact, indispensable to the full comprehension and firm holding of the truth. For no set of truths can be fully understood without an investigation of the grounds on which they rest, and this involves a knowledge of what has been said against them; in other words, of the other side of the argument:

"His reasons may be good, and no one may have been able to refute them. But if he is equally unable to refute the reasons on the opposite side; if he does not so much as know what they are, he has no ground for preferring either opinion. The rational position for him would be suspension of judgment, and unless he contents himself with that, he is either led by authority, or adopts, like the generality of the world, the side to which he feels most inclination. Nor is it enough that he should hear the arguments of adversaries from his own teachers, presented as they state them, and accompanied by what they offer as refutations. That is not the way to do justice to the arguments, or bring them into real contact with his own mind. He must be able to hear them from persons who actually believe them; who defend them in earnest, and do their very utmost for them. He must know them in their most plausible and persuasive form; he must feel the whole force of the difficulty which the true view of the subject has to encounter and dispose of; else he will never really possess himself of the portion of truth which meets and removes that difficulty. Ninety-nine in a hundred of what are called educated men are in this condition; even of those who can argue fluently for their opinions. Their conclusion may be true, but it might be false for anything they know: they have never thrown themselves into the mental position of those who think differently from them, and considered what such persons may have to say; and consequently they do not, in any proper sense of the word, know the doctrine which they themselves profess. They do not know those parts of it which explain and justify

the remainder; the considerations which show that a fact which seemingly conflicts with another is reconcilable with it, or that, of two apparently strong reasons, one and not the other ought to be preferred. All that part of the truth which turns the scale, and decides the judgment of a completely informed mind, they are strangers to; nor is it ever really known, but to those who have attended equally and impartially to both sides, and endeavoured to see the reasons of both in the strongest light. So essential is this discipline to a real understanding of moral and human subjects, that if opponents of all-important truths do not exist, it is indispensable to imagine them, and supply them with the strongest arguments which the most skilful devil's advocate can conjure up."

This part of his argument Mr. Mill has, it seems to us, pushed too far. It is by no means necessary to have investigated every truth to the bottom in order to feel its full force. There is a moral insight of which he takes no account, which in the recognition and realisation of truth is often far stronger and more direct than all reasoning. Truths of a practical kind especially are verified by experience, and thus supported, so far as the individual is concerned, by a strength of evidence which argument can neither increase nor diminish. That discussion and even opposition are often necessary to vivify torpid truths into new life, is, however, not only quite true, but well and reasonably said:

"If, however, the mischievous operation of the absence of free discussion, when the received opinions are true, were confined to leaving men ignorant of the grounds of those opinions, it might be thought that this, if an intellectual, is no moral evil, and does not affect the worth of the opinions, regarded in their influence on the character. The fact, however, is, that not only the grounds of the opinion are forgotten in the absence of discussion, but too often the meaning of the opinion itself. The words which convey it cease to suggest ideas, or suggest only a small portion of those they were originally employed to communicate. Instead of a vivid conception and a living belief, there remain only a few phrases retained by rote; or, if any part, the shell and husk only of the meaning is retained, the finer essence being lost. The great chapter in human history which this fact occupies and fills, cannot be too earnestly studied and meditated on.

"It is illustrated in the experience of almost all ethical doctrines and religious creeds. They are all full of meaning and vitality to those who originate them, and to the direct disciples of the originators. Their meaning continues to be felt in undiminished strength, and is perhaps brought out into even fuller consciousness, so long as the struggle lasts to give the doctrine or creed an ascendancy over other creeds. At last it either prevails, and becomes the general opinion, or its progress stops; it keeps possession of the ground it has gained, but ceases to spread further. When either of these results has become apparent, controversy on the subject flags, and gradually dies away. The doctrine has taken its place, if not as a received opinion, as one of the admitted sects or divisions of opinion: those who hold it have generally inherited, not adopted it; and conversion from one of these doctrines to another, being now an exceptional fact, occupies little place in the thoughts of their professors. Instead of being, as at first, constantly on the alert either to defend themselves against the world, or to bring the world over to them, they have subsided into acquiescence, and neither listen, when they can help it, to arguments against their creed, nor trouble dissentients (if there be such) with arguments in its favour. From this time may usually be dated the decline in the living power of the doctrine. We often hear the teachers of all creeds lamenting the difficulty of keeping up in the minds of believers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognise, so that it may penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the

conduct. No such difficulty is complained of while the creed is still fighting for its existence : even the weaker combatants then know and feel what they are fighting for, and the difference between it and other doctrines ; and in that period of every creed's existence, not a few persons may be found, who have realised its fundamental principles in all the forms of thought, have weighed and considered them in all their important bearings, and have experienced the full effect on the character, which belief in that creed ought to produce in a mind thoroughly imbued with it. But when it has come to be an hereditary creed, and to be received passively, not actively—when the mind is no longer compelled, in the same degree as at first, to exercise its vital powers on the questions which its belief presents to it, there is a progressive tendency to forget all of the belief except the formulæ, or to give it a dull and torpid assent, as if accepting it on trust dispensed with the necessity of realizing it in consciousness, or testing it by personal experience ; until it almost ceases to connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains as it were outside the mind, encrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature ; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant."

The general results of this important chapter are summed up as follows :

"We have now recognised the necessity to the mental well-being of mankind (on which all their other well-being depends) of freedom of opinion, and freedom of the expression of opinion, on four distinct grounds ; which we will now briefly recapitulate.

"First, if any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this is to assume our own infallibility.

"Secondly, though the silenced opinion be in error, it may, and very commonly does, contain a portion of truth ; and since the general or prevailing opinion on any subject is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied.

"Thirdly, even if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth ; unless it is suffered to be, and actually is, vigorously and earnestly contested, it will, by most of those who receive it, be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds. And not only this, but fourthly, the meaning of the doctrine itself will be in danger of being lost, or enfeebled, and deprived of its vital effect on the character and conduct ; the dogma becoming a mere formal profession, ineffectual for good, but cumbering the ground, and preventing the growth of any real and heartfelt conviction from reason or personal experience."

Mr. Mill next discusses Individuality as an element of social well-being, and condition of social progress. It is in this and the following chapter, on the "Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual," that the author brings his heaviest charges against the tendency of modern social life and intercourse. This tendency is to destroy what is forcible, vivid, and picturesque in all that is original and peculiar in individual character, and reduce all to a common level, to produce a uniform, and thus to a great extent necessarily a dull and mediocre type of thinking, feeling, and living. The despotism of public and social opinion tends to suppress the development of those strong individualities, or, in other words, those men of genius which are the salt of the earth and the salvation of society :

"He who lets the world, or his own portion of it,

choose his plan of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation. He who chooses his plan for himself, employs all his faculties. He must use observation to see, reasoning and judgment to foresee, activity to gather materials for decision, discrimination to decide, and when he has decided, firmness and self-control to hold to his deliberate decision. And these qualities he requires and exercises exactly in proportion as the part of his conduct which he determines according to his own judgment and feelings is a large one. It is possible that he might be guided in some good path, and kept out of harm's way, without any of these things. But what will be his comparative worth as a human being ? It really is of importance, not only what men do, but also what manner of men they are that do it. Among the works of man, which human life is rightly employed in perfecting and beautifying, the first in importance surely is man himself. Supposing it were possible to get houses built, corn grown, battles fought, causes tried, and even churches erected and prayers said, by machinery—by automaton—by human form—it would be a considerable loss to exchange for these automata even the men and women who at present inhabit the more civilised parts of the world, and who assuredly are but starved specimens of what nature can and will produce. Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing."

Society now tyrannises over the individual. It sits in St. Peter's chair, claims absolute infallibility, and issues from time to time its formidable *Index Expurgatorius*. Mr. Mill works out his whole thesis in defence of individuality against the subduing influences of society with admirable spirit and vigour, and in general with great fairness, but his zeal has more than once carried him too far. He is scarcely just to modern society, and does not recognise the noble elements to be found even in the very tendencies he so much condemns. No doubt the tendency of modern life is to diminish social inequalities, but it does this quite as much by the diffusion of knowledge as by the tyranny of opinion. It is philosophical, indeed, to suppose that a change operating over the whole surface of society must be due rather to Catholic culture than to sectarian conviction. The social machinery which is charged with arresting the development of original minds, has raised the great mass of the people in knowledge and intelligence, in self-reliance and self-control, and all the elements of social and political well-being. The process or influence complained of thus involves elevation as well as degradation. And there is this important consideration to break the force of adverse criticism, that while the elevation is certain, the degradation is only problematical. That large classes of the people have during the last half century been redeemed from a state of ignorance and degradation, little better than slavery, is quite certain. But whether any great and original minds have been injuriously suppressed during that period, is more than doubtful. The appearance of such minds is determined by no laws such as science can discover. Mere social arrangements can neither create nor destroy men of genius. The very test of their power is to triumph over circumstances when adverse, and use them when friendly. Whenever they appear the task they have to do is much the same. There is always in every age old error to be destroyed, and new truth to be embodied in more permanent, public, and

expressive forms of speech and action. We have no reason to believe that there is anything in the present age peculiarly adverse to the appearance of great and original minds. And even if there be, if it is true that a dead set is made by society against originality in every form, this would by no means account for the alleged want of original minds. Opposition is the test of power, and the general attempt to suppress it ought therefore to develop originality in a more intense and active form than usual.

We have no great objection, however, even to the onesidedness of Mr. Mill's powerful and eloquent plea for individual freedom. A protest against popular tendencies, to be of any avail at all, must be thrown into the most effective form, and uttered in a decisive voice. If the general plea is well founded, no harm is done by putting it in the strongest and extremest form. When the age is in danger of forgetting one phase of truth, it is of the utmost importance that it should be brought fully into view and exhibited in the most vivid and impressive manner. This is precisely the service which Mr. Mill here performs, and it would be difficult to overrate its value. The writer, as we have said, is evidently inspired by a noble spirit, and writes under a strong sense of duty. The spirit is patriotic and the duty a public one. Mr. Mill detects a growing effort on the part of society to subjugate the individual to itself, and believing this tendency to be fraught with danger to the cause of freedom, truth, and progress, he strives to arrest it. He justly regards it as a calamity that the individual should be wholly sacrificed to society. There is a strong similarity between Mr. Mill's views on this head and those of Mr. Carlyle. Both agree that the man of original mind, the man of genius being naturally supreme, ought to be king of men. But they differ as to the way in which his power should be asserted. Mr. Carlyle favours the doctrine of physical force, and would ruthlessly sacrifice society at the shrine of the individual hero. Mr. Mill of course cannot support any such rude and extravagant view of government as this. The man of original mind must rule by moral suasion alone, only he claims fair play for his influence. Both, however, agree in asserting the claims of free thought against the intolerance of society, and both so far perform a public service of the highest value. The appearance of Mr. Mill's Essay is, however, peculiarly opportune, as it will help to save the noble cause he has espoused from the contempt which Mr. Carlyle's intemperate advocacy threatened to bring upon it. Mr. Mill's calm and searching insight, logical force, and noble feeling, are likely to influence precisely the order of minds that Mr. Carlyle's limited views and contemptuous tone would be sure to offend.

*La Mort d'Arthur. The History of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table.* Compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, Knt. Edited from the Text of the Edition of 1634, with Introduction and Notes. By Thomas Wright, Esq. Three Volumes. (J. R. Smith.)

KING ARTHUR is undoubtedly the central figure in the romances of Christian chivalry. He possesses a reputation not exclusively British, but quite as widely diffused on the Continent—at least in former times—as in this island. Several old French, Italian,

German, Spanish, and Greek romances on his achievements and those of his knights were composed during the Middle Ages. They have furnished part of the materials of the work now republished by Mr. Wright.

There are two Arthurs of whom we have traditional notices; the Arthur of history, and the Arthur of romance. The purely imaginary tales told of the latter have led some persons, including Milton, in his "History of England," to question the existence of the former; but there is no good reason for doubting that a British king or chief of the name of Arthur really did exist in this country in the sixth century, and that he was a very heroic warrior. He was to the invading Saxons of his time what, three hundred years later, Alfred was to the invading Danes. Encountering the Northmen in twelve different battles, he defeated them each time, and finally compelled Cerdic, their leader, to confine himself to those provinces along the south coast in which he was too firmly settled to be dispossessed. Arthur appears to have then lived in peace until the revolt of his nephew Modred in 542. He at once marched against that rebel, and fought with him at Camlan, in Cornwall. But here his good fortune deserted him. Modred, it is true, was slain; but Arthur also was mortally wounded, and died shortly afterwards at Glastonbury, where he was buried. Of his parentage little is known. He is thought to have been the son of a British prince, and to have become "Pendragon" or chief ruler of the British by election. It is probable that he occupied the throne, though even this is not quite certain; but there is no doubt that he was the leading man of his time, and it is not difficult to understand how he has become the centre of a world of fiction.

Some of the circumstances of Arthur's life acknowledged by history are included in the old romances. He is there represented as conquering the Saxons, and as perishing in the revolt of Modred; but to these incidents many others are added which are purely fictitious. The romance writers, the old chronicler, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the comparatively modern historian, Buchanan, state that was Arthur the son of Uther Pendragon, King of Britain, by the wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall. Aided by the magical devices of Merlin, Uther assumed the form of the lady's husband, and thus obtained access to her; and the duke being killed the same day (he was at that time in rebellion against the king), the lady was speedily married to Uther, and Arthur was born legitimate. On the death of the former, the latter became king at fifteen years of age; and, having defeated the Saxons, the Scots, and the Picts, he conquered Ireland, Iceland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Gaul, expelled the Saracens from this island, slew the giants of Spain, converted many infidels abroad, made Lapland the eastern boundary of his empire, chastised the Romans, who had demanded tribute, and was preparing to cross the Alps from Gaul when the news of Modred's rebellion drew him back to Britain. According to the romancers he was not killed, but was sorely hurt, and conveyed away from the scene of the battle by a bevy of mourning ladies in a boat, who took him to the subterranean, or subaqueous, land of enchantment, Avalon, or Avilion, as Tennyson has beautifully told in his "Mort d'Arthur":—

"I am going a long way  
With these thou see'st (if indeed I go,  
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the island-valley of Avalon;  
Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

Here, if we may believe the old fables, he remains lulled in the lap of fairy luxury, yet "still meditating wars," according to Milton in his Latin poem, "Mansus." For some day he is to return to the upper world, again claim his throne, and vanquish all his enemies—a belief which clung to the popular mind for many centuries. The Laureate has a vision of him as he comes back to earth in this nineteenth century, "attired like a modern gentleman," and surrounded by applauding crowds—a conception far less poetical than that of Leigh Hunt in his exquisite poem "Bodryddan," where we are told that in Wales "was born a third of chivalry."

"And is to come again, they say,  
Blowing its trumpets into day,  
With sudden earthquake from the ground,  
And in the midst great Arthur, crown'd."

In the meanwhile, the British hero sometimes appears in this world in the form of a crow; "for which reason," says Don Quixote, "the people of Great Britain dare not kill a crow." Incredible as it may seem, it is a fact that, by the laws of the Welsh king, Hoel the Good, a heavy fine was imposed on any person who killed a raven!

Avalon, it appears (for some cruel explanation is always ready to dispel alluring fancies), was the ancient name of Glastonbury, and the district was popularly called an island, on account of its being nearly surrounded by rivers. We have already seen that the veritable Arthur was really buried here; whence the fable. His tomb is said to have been discovered in the reign of Henry II.; but the story seems to be a monkish invention, and is generally regarded by historians with discredit.

The tales with respect to the Round Table and the adventures of the knights are the conceptions of the mediæval romance-writers, and appear to have originated in Armorica and Wales; both of which lands are peopled with a British race. The most celebrated of the knights was an Armorican—Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the favoured lover of Arthur's beautiful but faithless queen, Guenevere. He has been made the subject of innumerable romances and poems; for, notwithstanding the weakness of his moral character, Launcelot has always been a popular favourite, on account of his knightly virtues.

Although Arthur was a Briton, and the sworn foe of all Saxons, the English people—the descendants of those very Saxons whom he handled so grievously—have for many ages looked back towards him with as much regard as though he belonged to their race as well as to their country: so strong is the feeling of kinship produced by community of birth. In the same way, a modern Mexican or Spanish blood might regard with personal pride and love the memory of Montezuma, or an Anglo-American rank among his national glories the achievements of the dispossessed red Indians. It is an unquestionable fact—and not a very creditable one—that Arthur long filled a larger space in the popular esteem of Englishmen than Alfred the Great, who was a man truly English, and whose life was far more noble than Arthur's, even allowing the British king full credit for those acts which he did not perform. Arthur is a name

which has been given to princes of the English royal family more than once since the Conquest. Alfred, if we mistake not, was revived for the first time by our present Queen. Henry VII., whose Welsh descent gave him numerous adherents in the Principality, and who put the old British Red Dragon on his standards purposely to connect himself with the pre-Saxon monarchy, gave his eldest son the name of Arthur, hoping, no doubt, that in him the people would recognise the "return" of their much-loved hero; but the prince died when quite a youth. Now, it was in the first year of the reign of Henry VII., namely in 1485, that Caxton printed the romance which we are passing under review. The success of the Tudors brought British, as distinguished from Saxon and Norman, traditions into fashion. The Welsh boasted that the posterity of Brutus the Trojan, the fabulous discoverer of this island and founder of the British monarchy, again occupied the throne; and we can understand how this romantic chronicle of the doings of the great Arthur may have fallen in with the mood of the times. It would appear, indeed, that Caxton was requested by several high persons in the reign of Edward IV. to print the book; but it was not "published," as we now say, till 1485, though whether before or after the battle of Bosworth-field we have no record. At any rate, the probability seems to be that the chief sale was subsequent to the accession of Henry VII. In the course of thirteen years—that is to say, in 1498, while the first of the Tudors still reigned—Caxton's successor, Wynkyn de Worde, printed a second edition; and a third appeared in 1634. It is from this edition that the present volumes are reprinted.

The work, as given to the world by Caxton, is in fact a series of several cognate romances fused into one. The compiler was Sir Thomas Malory, or Maleore—probably a Welshman, and perhaps a priest; but the precise nature of his work it is not easy to determine. Caxton says that the copy which was given him to print was taken by Sir Thomas Malory "out of certain books in French, and reduced into English." The writer of the preface to the edition of 1634 affirms that "the following history was first written in the French and Italian tongues." Oldys thinks that Malory compiled the romance from several French and Welsh manuscripts. Doctors, therefore, disagree as to the origin of the work; but it is quite clear that Malory did not draw on his invention. He was a translator, and it is a curious evidence of the decay of the French language among the nobility in the latter part of the fifteenth century, that they should have desired an English translation of the Arthurian histories.

When first required to print Sir Thomas Malory's production, Caxton faintly objected that some men were of opinion that no such prince as Arthur ever existed—a rather remarkable piece of scepticism in those days. The doubt, however, was regarded by the printer's patrons as "great folly and blindness;" and one of them recited all the "proofs" of the hero having really lived and reigned in this country. These, as enumerated by Caxton, are very amusing for their child-like simplicity.

"La Mort d'Arthure" will always be valued as an interesting specimen of the "light reading" of our ancestors. On this account, and on account of its intrinsic worth, we are glad to find that it is once more given to the world.

*The Armies of the Great Powers.* By Lascelles Wraxall. (Allen & Co.)

*Mackintosh's System of National Defence.* (Clowes & Sons.)

*Nec sutor ultra crepidam.* Had Mr. Wraxall confined himself to the compilation of a manual, detailing briefly and clearly the amount of military force and system of military organisation, existing in the five great monarchies, he would have performed a very opportune service to the public, and we should have been happy to accord him our tribute of unmixed approval. Unfortunately, however, an exaggerated opinion of his own discernment has betrayed him into efforts at original disquisition, for which it would seem that neither nature nor experience had qualified him. He has certainly given us an apparently complete and concise analysis of the chief European armies, and so far decidedly he is entitled to our thanks and approbation. But he has thought proper to embellish his narrative with a series of opinions on military, political, and social topics, uniformly repugnant to good taste, and frequently in opposition to established facts. His pages also contain indications of political feeling which had better have been avoided, as they cannot fail to leave an uneasy impression on the minds of well-informed readers, that either Mr. Wraxall is ignorant of the principles of that party whom he goes out of his way to praise, or else that his rather clumsy panegyrics are the offspring of sheer flunkeyism. If there is one point on which all honest Liberals do really look to the Conservative party with some degree of hope and confidence, it is for the exclusion from this country of those very parts of the continental system which have excited Mr. Wraxall's admiration. It is no part of the Conservative theory to introduce such means of ensuring our military efficiency as characterise the military despotisms of France and Austria. Mr. Wraxall may be in blissful ignorance of these familiar truisms, or he may not. He may plead whichever he likes. But in the one case he is deficient in the most elementary political knowledge; in the other he is unconscious of the simplest processes of logic.

Mr. Wraxall's military theory seems a happy combination of all the worst features in all the continental systems. He mentions with approval that the Austrian officers form an isolated body, and associate only with each other. He lauds the French Emperor for having raised his army above the vulgar middle-class, but affects to sneer at French society because the under-bred ruffians whom M. Pène has so thoroughly exposed are not admitted into the salons; forgetful apparently that men who are not gentlemen are permitted to associate only with women who are not ladies. Of this subtle kind of revenge it is in no despot's power to deprive a cultivated and witty people. This voiceless unembodied satire is beyond the reach of spies, or the penalties of venal magistrates. The incensed warrior can expect no remedy from these. When he finds himself accidentally where he is not wanted:

"He hears a voice they cannot hear,  
Which says he must not stay;  
He sees a hand they cannot see,  
Which beckons him away."

But Mr. Wraxall is not even consistent in his absurdity; for he tells us in one place

that the Austrian officer, whom he has previously described as isolated, goes into the best society; and elsewhere that the French army, whose ostracism from its precincts he here deplores, has lost all the *politesse* by which it was formerly distinguished.

In the next article of his creed, however, Mr. Wraxall is consistent enough. He affects an indignation at the interference of the newspapers in military affairs which is worthy of the most pedantic aristocrat at Berlin or Vienna:

"Even the Duke of Wellington was fearfully tormented by newspaper correspondents, and we find in his despatches repeated allusions to the subject; but what would he have said to the swarm of self-constituted critics who beset our army in the Crimea, and sent home the most absurd reports to delight the reading public as to the inefficiency of our generals. These letters naturally found their way back to camp in a printed form, and were admirably adapted to enhance the spirit of subordination among our men. What an effect must it produce among soldiers, when they read in journals of large circulation "that such and such a commander is not worth his salt," or "that the English commander in the Crimea was like the ass in a lion's skin;" and yet we remember reading worse than this during the war, the product of party fervour and a spirit of favouritism which led writers to detract from the merit of one arm to enhance that of another, according as they had a brother or a friend serving in it."

"Are we alive after all this satire!" as old Johnson said, after listening to a twopenny tirade against Sir Joshua Reynolds. No doubt "Our Own Correspondent," in the discharge of such delicate and wholly novel duties too frequently exceeded the limits of discretion. But he was then but an apprentice to his trade. Mr. Wingrove Cooke's letters from China, as well as Mr. Russell's from India, prove that the lesson has not been thrown away. But even if it were not so, who, pray, is Mr. Lascelles Wraxall, that he should recommend Parliament forthwith "to pass a special Act to suspend the liberty of the press about all military matters, and especially information coming from the seat of war?"—that he should sneer at "independent M.P.'s and Radical newspaper writers"? We should like to know who is "the ass in the lion's skin" here?

Quite of a piece with these remarks is Mr. Wraxall's recommendation of flogging. He evidently is ambitious of being taken for a "real officer," "a regular swell," and so on; and succeeds in making himself resemble one about as nearly as Mr. Winkle resembled a fox-hunter at Mrs. Leo Hunter's *sorriée*.

His comparison of the military qualities of the French and English officers is equally foolish. At p. 128 we read:

"We remember, prior to the last war, a Russian officer expressing his unmitigated contempt for the French troops, because discipline was so bad among them, that the soldiers, when off duty, did not strip up immediately at sight of officers, and even dared to smoke in their presence, or ask them for a light. In the field there is certainly a relaxation of discipline in the French army, and the forms of subordination are not strictly observed. This is produced, however, by the circumstance that many of the officers do not possess a higher social, or intellectual position than their soldiers, and that so many of the latter hope to wear the epaulette, themselves, before long. The soldier sees in his officer no being privileged by birth and education before whom he must humbly bow, but merely a superior, who

has to command him, so long as the service requires it."

The following remarks are applied to "a great portion" of English officers:

"These gentlemen really effect wonders in every moment of difficulty and danger, and to them, as to the innate courage of our soldiers, may be ascribed the successful termination of the late war. But a startling contrast to these thoroughly valuable and efficient officers is found, unfortunately, in an equally large number of officers, even up to the highest grades, who are only officers by name. These gentlemen, belonging partly to our aristocracy and partly to our plutocracy, are perfect in manner and behaviour; they are well versed in all the varied contents of *Bell's Life*—they can give you a hint about the winner of the next Derby, and in a battle display that cold-blooded courage which is, thank God, characteristic of Englishmen. All these may be in themselves valuable qualifications, but they are not all we have to expect from commanding officer, and yet, in too many cases, we find nothing more. They very seldom display any proof of military knowledge, and, worst of all, are not actuated by any motive of ambitions as regards their profession. The only point of honour with them seems to be to prove their bravery in action, but they do not trouble themselves sufficiently with what becomes of their men before or after an engagement."

"Such officers as these were supplied to the French army by the aristocracy prior to the first Revolution, and to this must be ascribed such defeat as that it experienced at Rossbach at the hands of Frederick the Great."

Elsewhere Mr. Wraxall complains that the officers at Aldershot are always running up to town "to visit the opera, or make some good hedging bets at the Jockey Club." This intimate acquaintance with the private pleasures and speculations of English officers makes us sadly afraid that Mr. Wraxall has been playing the part of an eavesdropper, and hanging about their tents and barrack staircases during their hours of relaxation. But however this may be, though the battle of Rossbach may afford a very good point of comparison between the French and Prussian systems it proves nothing with regard to the English. We do not think it worth much, even under the former aspect. The victory of Rossbach was not so much due to the superior organisation of the Prussian army as to the superior genius of Frederick the Great. But if we come to our own case, will Mr. Wraxall explain to us how it was that when the French army was officered as the English army is now, they fought with us on equal terms, whereas after the Revolution they were invariably beaten, from Alexandria to Waterloo? Against the four victories of Marlborough and the one of Dettingen, we have to set four defeats, Neerwinden and Steinkirk, Fontenoy and Laffeldt. But after the new system of officering introduced by the Revolution and continued by Napoleon had reached its maturity, the French never once held their own against us. We have asked Mr. Wraxall to give us his own explanation of it, and by way of guiding his deliberations, we may remind him how constantly it was observed in the Peninsula, that at dangerous moments the French soldiers would not follow their officers; and that he may understand how serious a defect in their military system this really was, we may remind him, furthermore, of the celebrated saying of Napoleon, that with French officers and English soldiers, he would go anywhere. This is unimpeachable testimony to the fact that the French did not follow their officers, and that the English did. But Napoleon could scarcely be

expected to understand the reason why, as he had no actual military experience till after the régime of the gentlemen had vanished. French troops, like English troops, would follow in war the same class of men whom they had been accustomed to look up to in peace. There are periods in all campaigns when mere military discipline, the habit of only a few years, is powerless to make men face death. The discipline of a whole life, the instinctive, not the acquired, obedience of the English peasant to the English gentleman, is but just sufficient for the purpose: and we must add to this the sturdy, manly determination of the best class of the British people, not to disgrace themselves before their superiors—never to have it said that the gentlemen stood fast while the poorer sort gave way—if we would account for many of the most remarkable feats of English heroism.

These are but examples of the tone of Mr. Wraxall's book whenever he gets away, which is a great deal too often for his readers, from the purely statistical portion of it. We have thought it right to express ourselves strongly on this subject, because works like Mr. Wraxall's, which will probably at this moment have a considerable sale, are calculated to do great and lasting mischief; to disseminate, that is, entirely erroneous ideas on one of the most important subjects of modern times—the relation of the army to society. Had Mr. Wraxall given any evidence of having deeply studied this question—had he betrayed either conscientious reflection or adequate research, however much we might have disagreed with his conclusions, we should have avoided censure on himself. But he possesses none of these claims to consideration. He seems neither to understand the tendency of his own opinions, nor to care to understand it, if he could. The only amends he can make to the public for the issue of so reckless and thoughtless a volume, is to take the trouble of winnowing his corn from the chaff, and of presenting them with a collection of reliable facts, adulterated by as little of his own mind as possible.

The volume which Mr. Mackintosh has forwarded to us contains his correspondence with successive ministers of war relating to a certain "powerful black suffocating vapour" in which he proposes to envelop the sea face of an enemy's fortress previous to a naval attack. We really cannot quite make out from the tenor of these letters whether Mr. Mackintosh is a genuine genius who has been very badly treated, or a mere charlatan who has been treated very well. There is an air of earnestness and self-confidence about the man which strongly impresses us; while, on the other hand, the perpetual recurrence of full length descriptions of his invention have so much the air of regular puffery that we don't quite know what to think. There is a good deal of *naïveté* in the manner in which he speaks of accepting the remuneration offered him for his trouble (he went to the Crimea and back) after he had indignantly protested against its amount. A portion of this volume is done in the form of a diary, and we find such entries as the following:—"June 10—A letter written to Lord Panmure, pointing out the great inadequacy of 1000*l.* to cover my expenses." "June 12—Accepted the 1000*l.*" Similarly in regard to some minor expenses. "March 8—Reply from the Admiralty tendering me 50*l.* in payment of all expenses."

"March 23—Accepted the 50*l.*, though the amount was inadequate," and so forth. The author claims to have established the efficacy of his "powerful thick black suffocating smoke" by experiments in the presence of competent persons. Surely this is a matter of fact, and must admit of settlement one way or another.

*The Land and the Book.* By W. M. Thomson, D.D. Two Volumes. (London, Sampson Low & Co.: New York, Harper.)

DOCTOR THOMSON has been for the last twenty-five years a resident in Syria and Palestine, employed as a missionary of the A.B.C.F.M.; in other terms, we believe, of the American Board of Christian Foreign Missions. This book, the outcome and memorial of his "quarter of a century," purports to furnish us with Biblical illustrations, drawn from the manners and customs, the scenes and scenery, of the Holy Land. It is no disparagement to Dr. Thomson to say that the texture of his book will not bear comparison with that very important contribution recently made to the literature of the Bible scenery, Murray's "Handbook of Syria and Palestine," the work of the indefatigable Mr. Porter. It is true that the author puts in a disclaimer to a critical or exegetical reputation. He rightly regards the domain of the actual observer as being, for the most part, quite distinct from that of the secluded student. But, if he throws himself upon the popular merit of his narrative, we must again contrast him unfavourably with an author who has gone before, though in this case, as well as in the former, it is an author to whom the palm may be conceded with a good grace. We allude, of course, to Canon Stanley, the pleasant charm of whose Itinerary must surely be owned even by his antagonists. With these qualifications, however, let us lose no time in thanking Dr. Thomson for a thoroughly welcome and useful book, one which will form an interesting supplement and companion to those two, its superiors, mentioned above.

The itinerary commences with 1857, but the scenes described were visited many times during the preceding twenty-five years. A modified form of dialogue has been employed to lighten the narrative, and it has proved very successful. Reference to passages and scenes in the Bible is made throughout at the appropriate place and time, so that harvest is not spoken of in winter, nor vintage in spring, nor rains and storms in summer. It has been usefully pointed out, also, that the battlefields of the Bible, the fields of Joshua and Samson, of Samuel and Saul and David, are mainly to be found in the southern part of Palestine, and on the plains of Esdrælon and the Huléh. And, on the other hand, the parables are best appreciated in the neighbourhood of Nazareth, Gennesaret, and Capernaum. The special excellence of the book is, however, its elaborate pictorial illustration. The "Residence of Lady Hester Stanhope," at Dahr June, the true biblical "Cedars of Lebanon," the "Ancient Harbour of Cæsarea," "Gaza," the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," and among the lesser illustrations, the "waterspout," the "flying-fish," and "shooting the rapids;" all these are but specimens of a very complete set of drawings which adorn the book. Some are original, and some selected. We feel doubtful about the further announcement that those selected have been "corrected so as to

be more true to nature, and more appropriate to the book." In this important department the author "has been largely indebted to the pencil of his son, W. H. Thomson."

Dr. Thomson buried Lady Hester Stanhope; and the following are his notes made at Dahr June during his late journey:

"A melancholy change has indeed come over the scene since I first visited it. The garden, with its trellised arbours and shaded alleys, and countless flowers, is utterly destroyed, and not one room of all her large establishment remains entire. This on the southwest corner was the apartment in which her ladyship wore out the three last dreary months of life, and this on the east of it was the open lewan, where we found the body wrapped in waxed cloths dipped in turpentine and spirits. The whole of these premises were alive with her servants and others assembled on this mournful occasion. Now not a dog, cat, or even lizard appears to relieve the utter solitude. The tomb also is sadly changed. It was then embowered in dense shrubbery, and covered with an arbour of running roses, not a vestige of which now remains, and the stones of the vault itself are broken and displaced. There is no inscription—not a word in any language, and, unless more carefully protected than hitherto, the last resting-place of her ladyship will soon be entirely lost. The history of this place is peculiar. It belonged to a wealthy Christian of Damascus, who built the original house, to which Lady Hester added some twenty-five or thirty rooms. At his death, soon after that of Lady Hester, the property was left to an only son, who quickly spent it all by his extravagance. He then turned Moslem, and not long ago hung himself in a neighbouring house. His Moslem wife—a low, vulgar creature—fearing that the Christians would one day deprive her of the place, tore down the buildings, and sold the materials to the people of June. Thus the destruction has been intentional, rapid, and complete.

"The British consul at Beirut requested me to perform the religious services at the funeral of Lady Hester. It was an intensely hot Sabbath in June, 1839. We started on our melancholy errand at one o'clock, and reached this place about midnight. After a brief examination, the consul decided that the funeral must take place immediately. This vault in the garden was hastily opened, and the bones of General L—— or of his son, I forget which—a Frenchman who died here, and was buried in the vault by her ladyship—were taken out and placed at the head.

"The body, in a plain deal box, was carried by her servants to the grave, followed by a mixed company, with torches and lanterns, to enable them to thread their way through the winding alleys of the garden. I took a wrong path, and wandered some time in the mazes of these labyrinths. When at length I entered the arbour, the first thing I saw were the bones of the general, in a ghastly heap, with the head on top, having a lighted taper stuck in either eye-socket—a hideous, grinning spectacle. It was difficult to proceed with the service under circumstances so novel and bewildering. The consul subsequently remarked that there were some curious coincidences between this and the burial of Sir John Moore, her ladyship's early love. In silence, on the lone mountain at midnight, 'our lanterns dimly burning,' with the flag of her country over her, 'she lay like a warrior taking his rest,' and we left her 'alone in her glory.' There was but one of our own nation present, and his name was Moore."

A recent work by Mr. Farley, during two years a resident at Beyrouth, speaks enthusiastically of the beauty and the capabilities of that city. Dr. Thomson follows in the same strain, calling it (he spells the name, by the way, *Berit*) "decidedly the most beautiful and healthy locality at the head of the Mediterranean." No city in Syria has had so rapid an expansion. Thirty years ago the population was 5000, it is now 40,000; the city was then dependent on Sidon, Sidon is

now dependent on Beyrouth. Thirty years ago there was scarcely a decent house outside the walls; at the present day there are hundreds of convenient dwellings, and not a few large and noble mansions, forming the ornament of the charming suburbs. Nothing but a railway, connecting the head of the Mediterranean with the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, seems wanting to raise Beyrouth to the rank of emporium of Syria.

We will conclude this notice, warmly recommending Dr. Thomson's volumes as really valuable and interesting, by making two extracts; the first taken from this author referring to his emotions on entering the Galilee; the second, from Canon Stanley's book, on the effect produced by a stay in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. The remarks of the American are these:

"To one who really believes the evangelical narratives, for example—to whom the records are facts and not fables, the region we are about to enter will inevitably be invested with a sacredness which applies to no other on earth. It must be so. If any one visits these localities without being conscious of such reverence, it is *simply, only, and in every case*, because a latent disbelief has transferred the stupendous facts into the category of dreamy myths. No man can believe that here the Creator of the universe, his Lord and his Redeemer, really lived, and taught, and wrought miracles, and yet experience no other feelings than such as ordinary places awaken. Least of all, can they do so, to whom that man of sorrows and acquainted with grief is the one altogether lovely, the chief among ten thousand. Love, pure, warm, absorbing love, will invest these things with a sacredness, a preciousness beyond expression. It would argue a strange stupidity indeed if we could walk over those acres once pressed by his sacred feet, and climb the mountains where he so often retired to meditate and pray, without emotion. We are in no danger of enacting such a piece of irreverence."

Canon Stanley's words run thus: "At first there cannot but be something of a shock in seeing before our eyes and under our feet places in comparison with whose sanctity the High Altar of St. Peter's would seem profane. Yet gradually this thought dissolves, and another comes in its place. These localities have, indeed, no real connection with Him. It is true that they bring the scene vividly before us—that, in many instances, as we shall see hereafter, they illustrate His words and works in detail. But the more we gaze at them the more do we feel that this interest and instruction are secondary, not primary; their value is imaginative and historical, not religious. The desolation and degradation, which have so often left on those who visit Jerusalem the impression of an accursed city, read in this sense a true lesson: 'He is not here; He is risen.'"

The thoughts of either pilgrim are good in their own degree; but those of Canon Stanley appear to us to be founded on the conception of a wider truth, and to be warmed with the inspiration of a deeper pathos.

*A History of the Knights of Malta.* By Major Whitworth Porter. (Longmans.) We very much doubt whether the influence exercised by the Order of St. John on the affairs both of Christendom and Islam, during the five or six centuries which are generally known by the name of the "Medieval age," is as universally recognised by general readers of history as it ought to be. The rise, power, and fall of the great rival order of the Temple are well known to every

one; they come home to us here in England especially, as more or less forming an integral part of our own national history, and their "tombs are with us to this day." But the history of the Knights of St. John weaves itself so intimately in with that of the whole of European Christendom generally, and with its struggles against the encroaching and unrelenting ambition of the Mahometan powers, that it is not so easy to detach the Order itself from the great movements in which it was mixed up, or to assign its due rank and position among the Christian powers. In order to do this effectively it is necessary to go through the general history of the period we have named, step by step and event by event, with a purpose—that of singling out and duly weighing those in which the Hospitallers took a prominent part.

To save the general reader such a wearisome task as this, it was needed that some one should spring up among us to do that for the Knights of St. John which Mr. Addison has done for the Templars, and we are glad to find that the want has been ably and successfully supplied by the volumes before us.

The author enumerates three English works, of more or less pretensions, professing to give some account of the famous order of St. John, and with neither of which, excepting perhaps the little popular sketch published in Constable's "Miscellany," we will venture to surmise are our readers generally acquainted. There are defects in all which still left the field open for a complete history, such as Major Porter has attempted, and we are glad to observe that in compiling it he has resorted as far as was practicable to the fountain-head, drawing his facts from the records and archives of the Order itself, and furnishing us with the documents themselves or translations, some of them exceedingly curious, in his appendices. The history of the Order is traced with much care from its first germ in the establishment of a hospital for the reception of poor and sick pilgrims at Jerusalem, by "a few kind-hearted merchants of Amalfi," in the eleventh century, through its three grand phases in the Holy Land, in Rhodes, and in Malta, down to the present time; and the two most stirring and world-famous events of its career—the (second) siege of Rhodes and the great siege of Malta—are delineated with a force, vigour, and minuteness which bring the scenes before the eye with almost photographic fidelity. But though, as we have said, this grouping together of a number of well-known historical events for almost the first time in a systematic manner produces an effect as novel as it is interesting; yet after all the events are such well-known and well-used matters of fact, the eye so readily detects the old "properties" furbished up for the new piece, that to our mind what may be called the statistical portions of the work present features of a far higher interest, and principally those chapters which treat of the internal constitution and organisation of the Order of St. John. The information conveyed on these points is in part new to us, and supplies in a great measure the key to the otherwise almost unaccountable power possessed by the Order. For though the rules of most of these mediæval brotherhoods are very similar, and their discipline as well as their ceremonies nearly identical, yet it is not until we come to examine, rule by rule, and statistic by statistic, the admirable order and regularity with which the entire machine

was arranged, that we can adequately appreciate the efficiency of its operations.

The original division of the Order of St. John into knights, chaplains, and serving brothers, appears to have been retained in principle, though modified in some particulars, throughout the whole of its history. Its national subdivision into what were technically called "languages" dates from its establishment in Rhodes; and in that subdivision France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," contrived to secure a manifest preponderance, the languages—originally seven, but afterwards increased to eight—being England, France, Provence, Auvergne, Italy, Germany, Aragon and Castile, and Portugal. These subdivisions, however, have less bearing on the organisation of the Order than what may be termed its administrative distribution. This is best understood by reversing the author's order, and beginning with the lowest grades. The whole extensive property of the Hospitallers was divided into "Commanderies," every estate of any dimensions being committed to the charge of a Knight Commander, whose duties were to manage the revenue of the estate under his care, dispense the hospitalities, and look after the interests of the Order in his own neighbourhood, and to transmit to the general treasury the balance of his yearly accounts, called responses. The smallest estates, called *cameræ*, were committed to a bailiff, or farmed out. The Commanders were subject to the supervision of Grand Priors, whilst the officers nearest in rank to the Grand Master himself were styled Bailiffs or Grand Crosses, and were of three classes: the conventional, whose presence was required in residence at the convent itself; the capitular, whose attendance was only required at general chapters; and the honorary, who became at last an intolerable plague to the Order. Of course, a vast number of other officials, both in the lower and upper departments, were necessary to keep so vast a machine in full work. Thus, in the former, we find preceptors, confratres, and chaplains; in the latter the seneschal, lieutenant-general, master of the horse, treasurer, chancellor, general of the galleys; in short, every sort of official whose name and function are familiar to us in the general *ménage* of sovereign powers. The very interesting particulars given us of the local duties of the commanders, their sources of revenue and expenditure, furnish a great part of that clue to the unobserved influence of the Order to which we have already alluded—to take one instance alone, the hospitality which formed an integral part of its rules supplied in a considerable degree the want, and with it the power of the press. "It may be readily conceived what an engine for the collection and distribution of important intelligence the table of the Preceptor must have become. The Grand Prior, in his head-quarters at Clerkenwell, might be regarded very much in the light of the editor of a metropolitan journal, receiving constant dispatches from his correspondents at their district commanderies, containing a digest of all the gossip, both local and general, which may [might] have enlivened the jovial meals of the preceding week." The Hospitallers by the way paid pretty dear for this part of their power, the claims on their hospitality appearing to have been not only legally established in numbers of very burdensome instances, but unscrupulously asserted. "Dominus rex" not only had the right of asking himself to dinner with the Grand

Prior whenever he chose, but of sending as well any members of his court or household whom he might find it inconvenient to provide for elsewhere, and a tremendous expenditure of bread, beer, beef, and horse-food, is the natural result; other great men saddle the housekeeping expenses with heavy items of the same kind; whilst from Wales comes up a plaintive account of the inroads of the trampers "multum confluent de die in diem et sunt magni devastatores et sunt imponderosi." One other significant fact appears on the face of the accounts. All the judges and principal law officers figure as annual recipients of sums, varying from 10*l.* to 2*l.*, "for the quiet possession of the lands of the Temple," a judicious expenditure enough if it had the effect of keeping the lawyers quiet, but hardly falling in with modern notions of the proper method of appeasing Lord Chief Justices, and others.

The total gross income of the English possessions of the Order appears, by the accounts of 1338, to have been 3826*l.* Rents, according to the same accounts, ranging from 2*d.* to 3*s.* an acre, whilst for wages, armiger receives "as much as a pound a year," claviger, ballivus, coquus, &c., a mark each, and the lotrix or washerwoman "in most cases the sum of one shilling only." Coming at once from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, the author returns the average net income as paid over to headquarters during the last ten years of the existence of the Order at 131,530*l.* per annum; but, taking into account that this amount only represents the sums remitted to the general treasury in the shape of responsions, after all the heavy payments of household and other expenses of a local character had been deducted, he estimates the ordinary income of the Order during (say) the eighteenth century—and this is after the confiscation of its English, and, as we guess, considerable parts of its German property as well—at not less than half a million a year.

It is from such facts as these that we are enabled to form some estimate of the power of the Hospitallers.

The details connected with the career of a knight, and with the deliberative assemblies and courts of justice are exceedingly interesting, but can be only glanced at. As regards the first, the postulant was required to furnish satisfactory proofs of the nobility of his descent; four quarters (qy. descents?) in the English language, eight in the French, and so on. This done, he might enter on his novitiate at sixteen, and be professed a year later. At twenty he was obliged to go on active service at Malta; and, after joining in a certain number of forays or actions—technically known as caravans—became eligible, according to a strict system of seniority, to a commandery. From the Grand Chapter of the Order which assembled at rather rare intervals, some other deliberative bodies might learn a useful lesson. Their session was limited to sixteen days; during which time they had to revise and review the finances and the rules of the Order; to report on and remedy abuses; and, in short, to get through work over which no modern parallel body would blush to consume as many weeks, if not months. Then, besides a remarkably successful court, or set of appellate courts, for composing disputes between the members of the Order, and the satisfactory working of which is evinced by the fact that it remained intact for seven centuries, the Grand Master had his four

councils—the complete, the ordinary, the secret, and the criminal; whilst the punishments inflicted began with seclusion or imprisonment, and culminated in the deprivation of the habit. Beyond this the Order did not profess to go, but in capital cases handed the culprit over to the “secular arm,” which it seems borrowed a leaf out of the book of their natural enemy, and called into requisition the sack and the waters of the Marsa Muscat.

The laws enacted against duelling and, what the clan "gent" in modern London are wont to call "larking," as well as against other not unfashionable habits of a luxurious age, seem to indicate that Malta was burthened with considerably more than its share of what are known in these days as fast men; and some of the provisions made, as well as the schemes to evade them, would, but for the bloody nature of the latter in too many instances, almost make one think that University statutes and town and gown rows, and proctors and dons, were the subject, rather than knights and grand bailiffs and grand masters. The cautions against duelling are to be commended to the consideration of the few testy youths of bellicose leanings, who survive the universal award of common sense in this country, as well as to the warlike murderers of superior talent in a neighbouring one. The knights, however, speedily invented an evasion of the anti-duelling laws, and as chance encounters were looked on with more leniency than deliberate duels, contrived not unfrequently to meet in the Strada Stretta, a street so exceedingly narrow that it was next to impossible to avoid running against any one coming in the opposite direction. The directions on the second head almost deserve quotation; knights were not to enter houses uninited, nor disturb dances, weddings, &c., nor damage doors or windows by night, nor "stop them up with plaster, nor damage them with dirt, nor throw stones at them," &c. We long for Mr. Tenniel's pencil to give us "Knights of Malta after dining out."

us "Knights of Malta" after dining out. Nor can we refrain from repeating a characteristic anecdote of a sturdy turbulent British knight, who having been brought before the council in 1534, for the comparatively trifling offence of murdering four wretched galley slaves, replied, "In killing the four slaves I did well, but in not having at the same time killed our old and imbecile Grand Master, I confess I did badly." Could undergraduate assurance go further?

We cannot but complain that the female element in the Order of St. John receives but scant justice at the hands of the author. We gather that it died out with the expulsion of the Christians from Palestine. Still considering the importance of the position occupied by the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen and its noble supporters in the earliest days of the history of the knights, when we are told the dames had similar rules for their reception with the knights, and were powerful enough to possess their own affiliated establishments in France, Italy, and Spain, we looked for some more particular notice than that furnished of the fading away of this feature in the Order. We read, it is true, of convents at Malta of four different Orders, and of complimentary visits paid them on great occasions by the Grand Master, and perhaps these establishments were the legitimate descendants of the ancient Hospital of the Magdalen. But it would have been gratifying to have been furnished, if possible, with more precise information on

this head, and to have been informed, for instance, what proportion of the thousand patients in the great hospital at Malta were females, and how and by whom cared for.

As valuable historical records contained in the volumes before us, we may notice a complete list of the Grand Priors of England, and another of distinguished Englishmen who have belonged to the Order, with a concise notice of the exploits of each. And it is with a very excusable glow of patriotic exultation that we notice so splendid an array of English names on the rolls of a community which has furnished heroic history with such a string of names as those of Gerard and Raymond du Puy, of Villaret, Heredia, D'Aubusson, L'Isle Adam and La Valette. In relating the deeds of such giants the author may perhaps be fairly excused an inflation of style occasionally bordering on bombast, but which serves to depict the more stirring incidents of the great sieges in colours hardly too glowing to do more than justice to the thrilling interest of the scenes described. It is not matter of hypercriticism, in conclusion, to recommend a careful revision of statistical information in preparing the edition which we hope will tread closely on the heels of the present one. Such inconsistencies as a difference of 1000 men out of 9000, in the enumeration of the garrison at Malta, in two subsequent chapters, are serious blemishes and we cannot but regret the absence of what we look upon as almost indispensable in a strictly historical work, namely, the date kept running at the head of the margin of each page. In reading a book of this kind straight through there is no difficulty in keeping the year in memory, but when the work comes to be used, as it will be, for reference, it is an unfair consumption of time to send the student back through a dozen pages, to find out what year it was on the 25th of August in which a fleet appeared off a particular coast, and so forth.

*The Wanderer.* By Owen Meredith. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS is a remarkable book; remarkable for its tone and spirit, its peculiarities of thought, its social sketches, its startling inequalities, its faults as well as its merits. It is, in some respects, an original book, and a book which strongly displays its author's individuality; therefore it is a book worth reading, and may almost be regarded in the light of a psychological study.

Had we known nothing of its author, had not the gossip of the literary world long ago revealed that the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith" but lightly veiled the reality of "Robert Bulwer Lytton," we should have come to the same conclusion, which is now forced upon us by a careful perusal of the pages before us, that much of the pseudo-philosophy of the author of "*Ernest Maltravers*" inspired the author of "*The Wanderer*," and that Owen Meredith, like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, possessed the highest order of *talent*, without entering the confines of *genius*. There are many passages perfect in expression; there are exquisite images, full of tender grace and beauty; there are happy thoughts rendered happier by happy language, as the loveliness of a fair girl is heightened by the perfection of her attire; there are occasions when one reads on in breathless expectation of the

something better which shall force upon the mind the conviction that a great master holds one in his thrall, but immediately the cup is dashed from one's lips by a rude hand, and one feels that it contained no "wine of the immortals." Here, we say to ourselves, is a poet, with much wealth of fancy and command of language; no mean artist, but skilled in construction and clever in development; a poet who has seen much of life, and recorded with singular fidelity what he has seen; a scholarly mind, stored with the treasures of many nations. We acknowledge his powers, we are not insensible to his claims; but nevertheless, we cannot place him among the master-poets of the first rank,—his wings are vigorous, and his flight is well sustained, but he stops short of the serene heights where live, in eternal glory, the great prophets of Song.

What is his chief defect? Something more serious than a fault of manner, than a vice of expression. It is the absence of a pure philosophy, and the presence of a cynicism which is as revolting as it is exaggerated. He has tasted, this young poet! of the fruit of the Dead Sea, and found it ashes. He has exhausted the world—at four-and-twenty! and nothing is left to him but satiety. He has lived, and has loved—*gelebt und geliebet*—but Love is now the vanity of vanities. Beauty is a mask, and pleasure a "whited sepulchre." The Venus he worshipped is but the Cytherean impostor. What to him is the past? He looks at it through a mist of gathering tears, and reads there in letters of fire the doom of all things—Change. What is the present? A thing to be endured, to be sneered at, while he murmurs, *Non sum qualis eram!* The Future? He refuses to examine it; he will not hope; he cannot believe. Faith, and Hope, and Love, are not the serene spirits that inform the philosophy of Owen Meredith.

And herein does he differ widely from the great poet who seems to have been the object of his peculiar study. It is true that Tennyson can plunge the soul into the deepest depths of despair; and sweep the wildest chords of the human heart. It is enough to say he has written "The Palace of Art," and "The Two Voices," but at the bottom of his agony and passion, to borrow a metaphor from the old Greek myth, still lies the radiant Hope. But Owen Meredith refuses to hope, and protests that he cannot believe. He cries :

O God, that in this human heart  
Hast made Belief so hard to grow,  
And set the doubt, the pang, the smart,  
In all we know!

Again, in a poem which is as defective in an artistic as in a moral sense, grounded upon—or rather perverted from—the Evangelist's words, "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified: He is risen: He is not here," he exclaims :

All is dark—behind.  
I cannot reach Thee, where Thou art,  
I cannot bring Thee to my mind,  
Nor clasp Thee to my heart.

He looks out upon the world, and this is all he gathers from it :

Change without term, and strife without result,  
Persons that pass, and shadows that remain,  
One strange, impenetrable, and occult  
Suggestion of a hope, that's hoped in vain,  
Behold the world man reigns in! His delight  
Deceives; his power fatigues; his strength is brief;  
Even his religion pre-supposes grief,  
His morning is not certain of his night.

Now, we hold that these opinions, the yeasty dogmas of a bad school, are as false to Art as they are untrue to that religion of

love and faith of which the true poet, by virtue of his calling, becomes arch-priest. We refuse to look around upon the divine stars, upon the prodigal blossoms, upon woods, and streams, and dells, and shifting skies, and behold in all this visible beauty nothing to console or to encourage. We refuse to regard Life as a lie, and God's universe as a sham. We will not believe that all women are unchaste, or all men dis honourable. And yet this is the new philosophy of which Owen Meredith is the great exponent,—the new creed, a *réchauffé* of Parisian volatilities, of which he consents to become the preacher.

And this we take to be one great defect of "The Wanderer." Art flowers out of Belief as naturally as the blossom shoots from the latent germ. Art, too, is serene, tranquil, calm in the very consciousness of power. Therefore, the greatest poets are free from passion, from feverish excitement, from vulgar scepticism, and one sees in their poetry as in a peaceful ocean Heaven mirrored in all its unutterable loveliness.

Another defect of "The Wanderer" is its incongruity. The poet takes us to Italy, to France, to Switzerland, and Holland, with an episode in England. But there is no local colouring in his verse. He might just as appropriately have headed one division Nova Zembla, and another the Feejee Islands. What has "King Solomon," or "Bluebeard," or "Cordelia," to do with Holland, or an "Indian love-song" with Italy? If the poet meant to infuse the sunshine and warmth of Italy into his song, he has signally failed. If such was not his intention, why did he adopt a form which is incomplete and inartistic? We take no objection to the title of his "Second Book"—"In France"—except that it might very justly have stood for the general title, inasmuch as the social life he paints is Parisian, the manners he depicts are Parisian, the personage he delights in is Parisian. Something of Saxon strength lends nerve and muscle to his line, and the grand old Saxon music echoes in his strains; but his creed with all its littleness, and his philosophy with all its narrowness he has borrowed from France.

We have very plainly indicated what seem to us the signal defects of Owen Meredith. That we have done so, and at unusual length, will be accepted as a proof that we regard him as a note-worthy man, who has a right to ask the world to listen to his singing. We have protested against the looseness of his morality, and the hollowness of his philosophy, in the name of poetry itself, and because we would not have young readers,—and the young will especially delight in "The Wanderer," and its teachings—believe that the highest and grandest song is incompatible with earnest faith, or hopeful views of life and its duties. It is now our pleasanter task to reverse the picture, and point out the claims which this new poet has to be regarded as no ordinary writer.

He has studied at the feet of Browning and Tennyson, but not as a servile imitator. He has taken their gold, but moulded it into his own shapes. From their altars he has borrowed fire, but it burns upon his own with undiminished light. His exquisite melody of verse is Tennyson's; his concentrated strength of expression is Browning's; but he has struck out not the less his own music, and acquired a vigorous contrast of lights and shades which marks the artist's hand. His wealth of language is extra-

ordinary. Every line sparkles with opaline lustre. The tritest things acquire a fresh colouring. The everlasting moralities of discontented philosophers are fused into new and striking forms. He paints a picture, lurid and ominous, in half-a-dozen words. Add to all this, his extraordinary power of describing the life of to-day, which makes him pre-eminently the poet of Society, and our readers will at once perceive that the author of "The Wanderer" is a man whom they will hear now, and will hear again and yet again.

In the volume before us there are many exquisite lyrics which will assuredly figure in the pages of ladies' albums, and the odes of Specimens of English Literature, for many a year to come. There are others, tender and mournful, expressing the sorrow of many a love-lorn heart, which will sink into men's memories like a beautiful melody, and linger there for ever. But the strength and keenness of Owen Meredith's intellect may best be gathered from those pictures of life, those crayon-sketches of beauties and gallants, of fashionable "interiors," of hollow conventionalities and social vices, which have all the bitter satire of a Thackeray clothed in the verse of a Tennyson.

Here is a lyric, with a singular suggestiveness of horror :

#### FATIMA.

A year ago thy cheek was bright,  
As oleanders' buds that break  
The dark of yonder dell by night  
Above the lamp-lit lake.  
Pale as a snowdrop in Cashmere  
Thy face to-night, fair infant, seems.  
Ah, wretched child! What dost thou hear  
When I talk in my dreams?

See how he relates a legend, with an accumulation of gloomy images :

#### GOING BACK AGAIN.

I dream'd that I walk'd in Italy  
When the day was going down,  
By a water that flow'd quite silently  
Thro' an old dim-lighted town.

The prelude is subdued, but melancholy, and fitly prepares the mind for a tale of crime and fear :

Till I came to a palace fair to see:  
Wide open the windows were:  
My love at a window sat, and she  
Beckon'd me up the stair.

I roan'd thro' many a corridor  
And many a chamber of state:  
I passed thro' many an open door,  
While the day was growing late:

Till I came to the Bridal Chamber at last,  
All dim in the darkening weather.  
The flowers at the window were talking fast,  
And whispering all together.

The place was so still that I could hear  
Every word that they said:  
They were whispering under their breath with fear,  
For somebody there was dead.

When I came to the little rose-colour'd room,  
From the window there flew a bat.  
The window was open'd upon the gloom:  
My love at the window sat:

She sat with her guitar on her knee,  
But she was not singing a note,  
For some one had drawn (ah, who could it be?)  
A knife across her throat.

Here all the accessories of the picture are in perfect keeping: the beckoning figure at the window, the darkening weather, the whispering flowers, the whirring bat, all grouped around the murdered woman with an artist's power.

But for further evidence of Owen Meredith's powers we must refer the reader to the volume itself, concluding our notice with the expression of our sincere hope that when he again addresses the world, he will do so with a higher sense of the dignity of the poet's mission, and a truer conception of the poet's art. Already, he has achieved much: it rests with himself to achieve more.

## THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."  
The Council has assembled at the Bedford.

## THE BARONET.

I should like to hear Lord Palmerston's speech to-morrow night. It is the best opportunity that he has had, far and away, since the 25th of June, 1850, when he defended himself for five hours against the attacks on his foreign policy.

## MR. TEMPLE.

That speech I heard; it was not a great one. Marvellous adroitness, wonderful familiarity with every topic he touched, indomitable self-reliance,—these were its characteristics. He never rose into eloquence, but I care little about that. What we call eloquence is an easy trick to a second-rate man in constant practice—but I missed any enunciation of a principle in which the orator believed. Canning, his master, whom I never heard, but most of whose speeches I have read, would have left something high, and true, and English; stereotyped for use in a hundred debates of after-days.

## THE PROFESSOR.

He had to defend, remember, and therefore his line was chalked out for him by his opponents.

## THE BARONET.

True; but the really great advocate shows greatest in defence. He gives his enemy, sun, wind, and choice of ground; but he claims the challenged man's right—choice of weapons—and defeats him. The 1850 defence was, moreover, a difficult matter. There were, I think, some ten or a dozen small charges, which Palmerston's enemies were trying to mould into one great—one—the old story (Laud's, wasn't it?) of the fifty couple of black rabbits being made into one black horse.

## MR. TEMPLE.

To-morrow he can attack, if he likes; but I imagine that he considers himself too near office and its responsibilities to be very emphatic or defiant.

## THE BARONET.

Yet, if the Derby Cabinet goes down next week, and Lord Palmerston takes office, his relations with the Emperor of the French will make the country the reverse of enthusiastic in its faith in the author of the Conspiracy Bill.

## THE EDITOR.

The speech of to-morrow may show that the astute Palmerston is by no means blind to that consideration. He may sit down a patriot of the first bellicosity. Two emperors will look out for the report with a good deal of interest.

## MR. TEMPLE.

"Two vultures, sick for battle—  
Two scorpions, under one wet stone—  
Two bloodless wolves, whose dry throats rattle—  
Two crows perched on the murrined cattle—  
Two vipers tangled into one."

## THE BARONET.

The epithets are sufficiently abusive, but the verse scarcely represents the situation. However, we should not inspect a gift quotation too narrowly.

## THE EDITOR.

We take it as we take a scrap of Latin, not that it is of the least value, or that English would not have been better, but because it shows that the citer is a scholar and a gentleman who hath read books. What of the Reform Bill—will the First Lord be able to prevail upon Mr. Disraeli to restrain for a few nights his burning ardour to purify the representation?

## MR. STOKE.

Lord Palmerston was less than civil in his remark on that point this evening. He said Government wanted an excuse for putting off the bill.

## THE BARONET.

I never heard anything so unkind. What a majority Edwin James has obtained in Marylebone!

## THE PROFESSOR.

Yes, splendid; two to one. But what nonsense it is to talk of the people of England taking an interest in politics, and wanting extension of the franchise. In Marylebone, according to Mr. Dod, there are 20,851 registered electors. There polled to day 10,157. Where were the others?

## THE BARONET.

What was there to call them from their business? Both candidates were liberals.

## THE PROFESSOR.

The victory, *valeat quantum*, is to Lord Derby. Romilly's vote was pledged to the Whigs. James promises to support the Derby Reform Bill, if it be a good one.

## MR. TEMPLE.

The election has no political significance whatever; but, on the whole, I am glad that James has won.

## THE BARONET.

There speaks the lawyer, who conceives that the path should always be kept clear for the profession. Chambers, court, hustings, the House, Mr. Solicitor, Mr. Attorney, my Lord Chief Justice. That is the way up the ladder.

## MR. TEMPLE.

*Soit*: and look at the men at the top of the ladder. Are they not men whose rise is a gain to the country?

## MR. DROOPER.

I heard one good thing during a quarter of an hour that I was listening to Colonel Romilly. "To-morrow night," he said, "I shall be in the House of Commons." An Irishman near me instantly bawled out, "An' it'll be in the Strangers' Gallery, with an order from Misthur Edwin James."

## THE O'DONNEGAN.

We are a great people, entirely. How long would it have been before a stupid Saxon would have thought of such a repartee. His best wit would have been a vulgar howl of "Walker!" or some such epigram.

## THE PROFESSOR.

*Beati pacifici*—or else—

## THE O'DONNEGAN.

Out with it—we are used to be trampled on.

## THE PROFESSOR.

Well, talking of Ireland, did you observe what Mr. Spaight said. There was a debate on abolishing some of your Irish Courts; and he distinctly stated that he knew one in which the party who made the best present to the judge was pretty sure to win his cause. All things considered, I had rather compound with national inability of epigram, for national purity of justice.

## THE O'DONNEGAN.

That observation is truly Saxon in its narrow uncharity. The Court was one of the miserable Manorial Courts, introduced by our brutal tyrants the landlords, and every way worthy of them. Considering that the English insolently appoint our law officers, they are a glory and an honour to our unhappy country, and we rejoice in them.

## THE PROFESSOR.

Then why have you Irishry such an objection to be tried? Why do you always screen criminals from the pursuit of justice?

## THE O'DONNEGAN.

Sir, you have no poetry in your soul.

## THE EDITOR.

Gentlemen, our accomplice, Mr. Warren, has taken his leave of the House of Commons, on his promotion to the Mastership in Lunacy, *vice* Higgins. As a literary society, we should drink the health of a gentleman who owes his rise to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, unlike many to whom the printer's ink-rollers have been the rounds of ambition's ladder, he is not ashamed to own his obligation.

## THE PROFESSOR.

I drink to him. Let him sit with a Lily in his

buttonhole to judge him who hath a Bee in his bonnet. (*Applause and toast.*)

## MR. DROOPER.

Why did some of the papers kill a duke this week?

## THE PROFESSOR.

"My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham is not taken."

## MR. STOKE.

It is no bit of private gossip to say that the directors of most of the assurance offices in London will put up special thanksgivings on Sunday—misfortunes that closed Stowe became English property.

## THE BARONET.

Nor is it getting into scandal to say that whatever one may think of the duke's views and career, he certainly stood by his Order. The gratitude of that Order is thought to have been too great to find the ordinary and vulgar vent of a return.

## MR. DROOPER.

Gratitude is a splendid thing, and, like all splendid things, should very seldom be exhibited.

## THE PROFESSOR.

And, in humanity, you should never show it to the unprosperous, because it cruelly reminds them of happier times.

## MR. TEMPLE.

And when a man has nothing to comfort him but the recollection of kind deeds, how wicked to rob him of that by paying him for those deeds.

## THE BARONET.

Who thought to get so much morality out of such a subject. But don't let us work the vein too deeply. I beg to inform such of you as were in the habit of sending unpaid letters that you may revert to that amiable practice. Lord Colchester announced in the House of Lords this evening that the edict for opening and returning such letters is rescinded.

## MR. STOKE.

I am sorry for it. The deliveries were accelerated by the change. The idea of a postman having to stop and squabble at a door for twopence, while I am waiting for my letters, is preposterous.

## MR. DROOPER.

No doubt of the delay. Perhaps master and missis are not awake, and Susan dares not disturb them, and has only a penny herself. But she remembers that there is a halfpenny on a mantelpiece, so goes for that. No, one of the children has taken it, and it's at the bottom of the toy-cupboard. But that makes only three halfpence—they must owe him the halfpenny. He does not like that exactly: "things gits forgotten"—but there's baker coming, Susan will borrow it of him. But baker has a door to call at. He won't be a minute. Comes at last, and has given in all his coppers at that very door. "Drat it," says Susan; when suddenly *Dea interdit*, Cook screeches up the stairs: "Here, Susan, there's money bid for you, more than you're worth," and hands up the lacking halfpenny. But what does it matter? it's only five minutes.

## MR. STOKE.

Why should I wait five minutes because a fool hasn't stuck a stamp on? Besides, multiply that scene by three, and you make a quarter of an hour.

## MR. DROOPER.

I never receive letters that I am not quite resigned to wait a quarter of an hour, or even twenty minutes for.

## THE BARONET.

The thing's rescinded, I tell you; what's the use of talking about it?

## MR. STOKE.

I am a man of business, and I want my letters as speedily as they can be delivered. The people who post unstamped letters are either idiots, thieves, or beggars, and postal arrangements were not made for them.

THE EDITOR.

Gradually we shall discover what cabmen call the raw of each member of the Council. I did not think Stoke had one. Temple's, Drooper's, and the O'Donnegan's have all been revealed.

THE PROFESSOR.

"Tis not a year or two shows us a man," as Mrs. Emily Iago very justly remarks. Touching the letters, though, I think it was a grievance to be prevented from writing because you had no stamp, and were where you could not buy one.

MR. STOKE.

Learn to keep stamps. Besides, a postmaster might have been ordered to stamp any letter inclosed, with a penny, in an envelope directed to him, and dropped into the box. However, there's an end of the matter, and I am sorry Lord Colchester has yielded to clamour.

THE EDITOR.

Suppose the Bishop of London—who has announced to the Wife's Sister Marriage Bill people that he has to "consider" the subject—should decide in favour of free trade?

THE PROFESSOR.

If he should, the question is settled. People who desire to make such marriages will make them, and trust to having their offspring legitimatised before they are out of long clothes. But ought not a bishop and a legislator to have been prepared with an answer?

THE BARONET.

Hm, hm—theoretically, no doubt he ought. But the Church of England seems to have no idea of leading the popular mind, or its hierarchy would speak out, as a body, now and then, and give the laity a notion or two. As it is, the real bishops and pastors of the faith are the writers in the *Times*.

MR. TEMPLE.

I prefer them to Convocation.

THE BARONET.

And I. But there is a great deal of difference between the priestly ideas and priesthood.

MR. TEMPLE.

No doubt. But on the whole, I am inclined to adopt towards both the view of the Attorney-General, in the Fudge Family:

"Heaven knows I reverence to excess  
The sacred freedom of the Press,  
My only aim's to crush the *writers*."

THE EDITOR.

Colonel, this meeting is fully prepared to hear your sentiments upon the subject of the Armstrong Gun.

THE COLONEL.

I have none, until I have seen it. But I suppose they wouldn't have knighted him for nothing.

THE EDITOR.

The Duke could not have been more cautious. Is there any other military topic on which you would like to address the assembly?

THE COLONEL.

Yes. I should like to say, and indeed I do say, that Sir James Outram's answer to the City, who gave him the sword, does him as much honour as if he had done all the things with which he was so ignorantly and foolishly credited. He is a noble fellow, and has deserved all honours, but the way in which his exploits were spoken of was simply ridiculous. He hastens to disdain any praise unfairly given, and to state, what must have been patent to anybody but a chattering orator, that Lord Clyde had the real control of the operations.

THE PROFESSOR.

How wild it makes one to be praised in a wrong way. I received a large eulogy on a passage in my last book; indeed, a great piece of the passage was extracted for admiration; when, if the critic had taken the trouble to look to the preceding page, he would have seen that the bit he lighted

upon was a longish quotation from Miss Martineau.

THE EDITOR.

No wonder he was pleased with that.

THE PROFESSOR.

Well, my wonder is that such a donkey had the sense to see the beauty of her style.

THE EDITOR.

Do not be abusive. I dare say that he was no donkey, but only in a hurry; the printers wanted material, or he wanted to meet his Sweet Heart, and so he opened your book anywhere, and desired to give "a good idea of the author's style." And he paid you the highest compliment in supposing that you could write like Harriet Martineau.

THE PROFESSOR.

*Beati pacifici*, as has been said before. By the way, and talking of pacific matters, is there anything new about the Wallace monument?

THE EDITOR.

The subscriptions are small, and a good many of the Scottish papers are very angry about the way the project has been discussed in the English ones.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Their indignation is natural. The subject has been treated with the mingled ignorance and arrogance which distinguish all remarks made by English writers upon any nationality except their own, upon which they are simply idiotic.

THE PROFESSOR.

Duly noting that gentle admonition, I pass on to say that I read in one Scotch paper a letter from Sir Walter Scott, to whom it seems somebody applied for an opinion as to whether the language called Scotch is a distinct language, or only a dialect of English; and so far as I understand the answer, Sir Walter is unable to trace any material difference between the two. The inference, therefore, is, that Scotch is corrupt English, or English is corrupt Scotch.

THE EDITOR.

But why corrupt? Why not modified by climate and the other circumstances which so curiously but certainly operate upon language?

MR. TEMPLE.

Where's the rule of modification? As you go south, words get longer, and when you want a term of endearment, you add ever so many syllables. Princess Clotilde calls her husband Napoleoncino. But then the same change occurs when you go north. We talk of a lad and a lass, and the Scotch say laddie and lassie.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Just so. Yours is the miserable middle term. You have not a caressing or affectionate word in your language, not a single pet syllable to bestow upon a wife or anybody you may be pretending to love. No wonder all your wives are being divorced at the earliest opportunity.

MR. DROOPER.

Rubbish! What do you say to Ducky?

THE O'DONNEGAN.

It would be as much as a woman's place was worth to use such a word to me. No, don't go racking your memory to invent words that you can't remember, because they never existed. I tell you that the English tongue, though not without certain facilities for the utterance of a cold and pitiless logic, and a brutal and merciless violence, entirely lacks a vocabulary to be murmured into the feminine ear.

THE BARONET.

We manage, somehow, Call the Registrar-General.

THE PROFESSOR.

Ah! and call the Registrar-General for Scotland, for I want to know something. On the other side of the Grampians is a locality called Banffshire, and therein is published a newspaper called the *Banffshire Journal*. In that appears

an article severely rebuking what is called Scotch nationality, and proceeding to intimate that the Scottish people would do well to study morality instead, inasmuch as at the present time every tenth Scot is what Sir Francis Head somewhere calls a Hilly Jittimite.

THE EDITOR.

I have had a goodish experience of "facts," and I never yet heard of one that ever proved anything. Look out, Professor, please, for the answer to this accusing angel of the Grampians.

THE PROFESSOR.

Certainly I shall, for there is not so much virtue going about that one can afford to be undeceived as to one's idols. What a wretched case that is which Sir Alexander Cockburn has been trying.

THE EDITOR.

Steeped and saturated in abomination. But those who are startled at it, and think it novel, should attend a London or Lancashire police-court for a week. Don't let people lay to their souls the flattering notion that "really there is very little vice, considering." I say again, get a magistrate to let you sit by his side for a week, and do you notice the cases in which mere vice is taken for granted as the normal condition of the parties, and in which it is only some piece of violence that has brought up a foul group to the tribunal. Some folks say that there is exaggerations in the notions of others touching the wickedness of large towns. All I would say is, go and see.

THE PROFESSOR.

*Cui bono!* You only make yourself miserable, and you can't do any good by your trumpery efforts. What's the use of emptying a smelling-bottle into a cesspool?

THE EDITOR.

Smelling-bottles may be useless, but drainage may not. Nor is it philosophy to ignore your pool until it poisons you.

MR. DROOPER.

Your illustrations, my good men, are very objectionable, and almost destroy the bouquet in this claret. Speak of something pleasant—the ancients suited their conversation to their dishes.

THE BARONET.

I want to hear about that Herculaneum opera that is coming out in Paris. The imitation of Vesuvius in eruption is to be the most accurate and awful thing ever seen on the stage.

THE EDITOR.

What you say about the accuracy is odd, because the machinery was prepared for a representation of a far more awful character, which has been given several times on the French stage, but which the authorities have this time had the decency to prohibit.

MR. DROOPER.

What do you mean?

THE BARONET.

Yes, I heard that. Why, the libretto, music, and effects were all prepared to give a stage Day of Judgment, but on consideration it was thought better to order that the arrangements should be altered, and adapted to the destruction of a city instead of a world.

MR. DROOPER.

By Jove!

THE BARONET.

The heathen oath is apposite enough.

THE PROFESSOR.

I confess I don't understand the principle on which the interdiction took place. I do not think the authorities needed fear any remonstrance by the public. I know that when the history of Cain and Abel was performed in Paris, it met with extreme favour, and, what is curious, the story was evidently new to the majority of the spectators. They cried and applauded very honestly, but I think would have been better



Next Friday, Lord Lyndhurst will call the attention of the House of Lords to the Royal Academy, and to the proposal to remove the establishment from the National Gallery to a new situation, and the conditions of such removal.

The *City Press*, noticing a recent statement in the *Times* that "money is expended in sending the Gospel to the shores of Africa when it is wanted to feed the poor at home," enters into some statistics to show that the allegation is totally erroneous. The statistics include more charities than are mentioned in Mr. Low's work, which was published six years ago; but "there are in London," says our contemporary:

12 Hospitals for general purposes; 46 for special purposes;	34 Dispensaries: giving relief to 365,956 persons every year. Income £300,000
12 Societies for the preservation of life and health, benefiting 39,000	... 40,000
17 Penitentiaries and Reformatories	... 2,500
15 Charities for relief of the Destitute, benefiting 150,000	... 25,000
14 Charities for Debtors, Widows, Strangers, &c.	30,000
4 Jewish Charities (exclusive of 20 minor Jewish Charities)	... 10,000
19 Provident Societies	... 9,000
27 Peasant Societies, benefiting 1,600	... 58,968
33 Trade Societies of a purely charitable nature, exclusive of self-supporting Societies	113,467
120 Asylums for the Aged, benefiting 3,000	... 87,630
9 Charities for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind	... 25,000
31 Educational Societies	72,247
13 Do. Asylums, exclusive of Schools supported by Government 1,777 persons	45,465
60 Home Missions, many of which extend their operations beyond the Metropolis	400,000
5 Miscellaneous, not admitting classification	3,252
7 Church of England Foreign Missions	248,533
7 Dissenting Foreign Missions	211,135

"The above represent a total yearly income of £1,678,445. We add five other societies included by Mr. Low in his summary, as not being susceptible of classification, and we have an income of £651,6977. If we separate the societies of a purely domestic character from those whose operations are wholly or in part conducted in foreign lands, the result will be as follows:

Home Charities	£1,222,029
Foreign Missions	459,668

"The amount spent in foreign missions, therefore, is just one-third of that devoted to the relief, instruction, and reformation of the poor, the ignorant, the unfortunate, and the vicious in London alone; showing how wide may be the discrepancy between generalities and particulars."

The sale of the Hertz Collection ended on Thursday, being the sixteenth day of the sale. The prices towards the end fluctuated considerably, but on the whole they were very well maintained. One of the more remarkable lots disposed of since our last notice was the magnificent cameo (No. 222), to which we called attention previous to the sale, a sardonyx of two strata, of the unusual size of 7 inches by 6 inches. The subject was "Thetis enacting Jupiter to give weapons to her son Achilles;" it was a *cinqe cento* work, but admirably executed: it fell to the lot of Mr. Eastwood, for 126*l*. An intaglio of red jasper, with an understratum of chalcedony, described in the catalogue as a "Helmet, with a flowing plume; upon the head part is Bellerophon on a Pegasus; upon the visor a Chimera, upon the neck shield a running dog; one of the finest specimens of antique glyptic art," though only  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in size, was sold to Mr. Böcke for 32*l*.

A cameo, sardonyx of two strata, 1*lb* by 1*lb* inch, in a "Bacchanalian Mask, crowned with ivy; supposed to be by Pistrucci, of exquisite workmanship," which had excited a good deal of interest in consequence of the almost fabulous price said to have been originally paid for it, was knocked down to Miss Pistrucci for 31*l*. Several other cameos and intaglios of the Greek and Roman periods, and others of later date, including some by Pichler and Pistrucci, also fetched high prices: and some of them were secured for the British and the South Kensington Museums. Among the gold and silver ornaments was an Etruscan necklace, sold to Mr. Bale for 47*l*, and another sold we believe to the South Kensington Museum for 23*l*. A small Greek vase, of a material resembling the Portland vase, was sold to Mr. Peters for 50*l*; another small vase was bought by Mr. Walesby for 26*l*. 10*s*. The last lot of all "3137,

Five figures, the centre one representing the Buddhist Deity, Quonjem," 5 feet 7 inches high, and the particulars relative to which are supposed to be contained "in manuscripts found in the interior of these very idols," fetched 225*l*. The total produce of the sale was 10,011*l*. In many respects it was the most remarkable sale of antiquities which has taken place for several years past. There has been no such collection of cameos and intaglios disposed of by public auction since that of Dr. Nott sold some fifteen years ago.

We understand that Mr. W. W. Fyne, the Editor of the *Dorset County Chronicle*, has in the press a work entitled, "Agricultural Science Applied in Practice."

The regulation recently promulgated that, after the 10th inst. all Inland Letters should be prepaid if repeated; and the rules previously in force as regards Inland Letters, either wholly unpaid or insufficiently paid, will henceforth be reverted to.

The warehouses and mills of M. Canson of Annay, the maker of the paper so much in request with photographers, have been destroyed by fire, and his entire stock of paper and rags, some 25,000*t*. in value, consumed.

#### THE RECORD OFFICE FOR WILLS.

We have much pleasure in giving insertion to the following memorial, or rather letter, to Sir C. Creswell, Judge Ordinary of the Court of Probate, calling his attention to the manner in which the regulations of the Record Office for Wills affects the labours of persons engaged in literary and antiquarian researches. Its request is so reasonable in itself, and it is so unanimously supported by the most eminent writers of the day, that we cannot doubt the desired effect will be produced upon the mind of the learned judge; and that he will give directions for the assimilation of the practice to that of the Public Record Office. The letter is as follows:

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CRESWELL,  
CRESWELL,  
JUDGE OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT OF PROBATE.

London, February, 1859.

SIR.—The undersigned Historical Writers and persons interested in various branches of Historical or Literary research, beg leave most respectfully to submit to your consideration the following statement of the manner in which certain regulations of the Record Office for Wills affect the labours of persons engaged in literature.

Besides the original Wills deposited in the Record Office in Doctors' Commons, there is preserved in the same repository a series of Register Books, containing copies of Wills entered chronologically from A.D. 1383 to the present time.

"These Register Books fall practically into two divisions or classes.

"The later Books are daily consulted by relatives of testators, claimants, and solicitors, and yield a considerable revenue in fees paid for searches, inspections, and copies.

"The more ancient Books are very rarely consulted by claimants or solicitors, and yield no revenue that is worthy of the slightest consideration.

"With respect to the Original Wills, of whatever date, and the Entry Books of modern Wills, which may be defined to mean Wills proved since the Accession of the House of Hanover, the undersigned beg to express clearly that this application is not designed to have any reference to them, nor to any persons engaged in searches for legal purposes, or for any persons save those of a purely literary character. The undersigned confine their remarks and this application exclusively to the Books of Entries of those more ancient Wills which, in all but some very peculiar cases of Peerage claims, have long ceased to be used for legal purposes.

"These Books of Entries of Ancient Wills are of the very highest importance to Historical Inquirers. They abound with illustrations of manners and customs; they exhibit in the most authentic way the state of religion and the condition of the various classes of the people; they illustrate the history of law and civilisation; they are invaluable to the general historian, the philologist, the genealogist, the biographer, the topographer—to historical writers of every class. They constitute the most important depository in existence of exact information relating to events and persons during the long period to which they relate.

"But this invaluable information is all but unavailable in consequence of the regulations of the office in which these Entry Books are kept. All the books, both of ancient and modern wills, are kept together, and can be consulted only in the same manner, and subject to the same restrictions and the same payments. No distinction is made between the fees to be paid by a literary searcher who wishes to make a few notes from wills, perhaps three or four hundred years old, in order to rectify a fact, a name, a date, or to establish the proper place of a descent in a pedigree, or the exact meaning of a doubtful word, and

the fees to be paid by a person who wants a copy of a will proved yesterday, as evidence of a right perhaps to be enforced in a court of justice. No extract is allowed to be made, not even of a word or a date, except the names of the testator and the executors, and the date of the will and probate. Printed statements in historical books, which refer to wills, may not be compared with the wills as entered. Even ancient copies of wills handed down for generations in the families of the testators may not be collated with the registered wills, without paying the customary office fees for making new and entire copies.

"No such restrictions exclude literary inquirers elsewhere. The manuscripts in the British Museum are freely open to all inquirers. The Indexes, Calendars, and all the contents of the Public Records, are open to literary searchers, under regulations which give almost unlimited freedom. Free access is given to all the collections in the State Paper Office, down to the year 1688. The Record Office of Wills has long been the only public office in the kingdom which is practically shut against literary inquirers by prohibitory fees.

"The results are obvious: the more ancient Entry Books, not being accessible to those by whom alone they would be understood, lie in the repository almost without regard. Statements of facts, which should undergo a process of sifting and authentication before they take their place in works of history, are left unauthenticated, uncertain, and incomplete; literary men and literary societies are thwarted and discouraged in their researches; and all inquirers, who have ever visited the office for literary purposes, regard its condition, so far as it affects their own particular pursuits, as a grievance, prejudicial to literature, and not creditable to the country.

"The undersigned most respectfully submit these circumstances to your consideration, in the strong hope that the time has at length arrived when such changes may be made in the regulations of the Record Office for Wills as may assimilate its practice, so far as regards the Entry Books of Wills proved before the Accession of the House of Hanover, to that of the Public Record Office.

"And the undersigned have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient and very humble servants."

More than sixty gentlemen connected with literature have appended their names to this document. Among them are Lord Macaulay, Earl Stanhope, the present Marquis of Bristol, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, &c.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 23rd February.

A GREAT event in the *beau monde* of this place has been the Rothschild marriage. The magnificence was beyond all description, and it would appear that splendours, vying with those recounted in the Arabian Nights, were lavished upon an entertainment to which nobody was admitted. I mean the dinner given after the nuptial ceremony, and at which some sixty or seventy Rothschilds alone were present. As no one but the family was present at this *faucion*—as the Spaniards entitle their bull-fights and other amusements—of course the *feminine* public curiosity has been immeasurably excited by it, and every young male Rothschild has been cross-examined by the fair ladies of Paris ever since, in order that they may arrive at an approximative knowledge of the "festive scene." It seems all the plate of all the Houses of Rothschild nearly was forthcoming for this banquet; at least, the London chief sent his dinner-service over to his cousin of Paris, and the entire changes of the more than three-score guests were made in silver and silver-gilt; plates, dishes, everything was of the precious metals, as at royal tables; only at dessert was perceived the priceless service of old Sévres, belonging to the Paris *paterfamilias*, and whereof each plate represents somewhere about a king's ransom. As to the viands on the table, they came from every country and every clime; there were swallows' nests from China, *sterlets*\* from Russia, reed birds and canvas-back ducks from America, bustards from Spain, pheasants from Bohemia, entrées of peacock brains, fillets of buffalo-hump, and—one of my lady-informants declares—*salmis* of Brazilian parrots! Every salt or freshwater had yielded up its fish; every moor, marsh, and forest, its fowl; every hot-bed, heated by fire or by the sun, its fruit; and every grape that ever hung anywhere, its wine.

As to the flowers with which the table and the dining-room were ornamented, it is affirmed that there were 1500 pounds' worth. (I mean 1500*lb*

\* The *sterlet* is a fish of excessive high price in Russia of the size of salmon, and of fat, orange-coloured flesh.

English ! All the windows were covered with trellis work, over which were framed the choicest creeping plants of the tropics, shedding their luscious perfumes all around.

If the repast was worthy of an Emperor of a century ago, the tribe of Rothschild seems to have been worthy of it, and to have done it due honour. In the first place it is affirmed that the ladies present wore upon their persons between twenty and thirty millions of francs' worth of jewels, and in the way of doing honour to the banquet, those who partook of it sat at table from half-past six to midnight !

The ball which a few days after formed the sequel to this feast, and to which about 1200 persons were bidden, was also most gorgeous ; but of course 1200 individuals constituting a great deal more than "everybody," there was comparatively little interest in it.

This would seem, however, to have somewhat enlivened the Parisians, and a ball or two is talked of now. It is said that at the end of this month two masked balls will be given, one at the Tuilleries, and one at the Ministry of State. At the latter the Emperor and Empress will come in dominos and incog., whilst at the former the order of the day will be the dresses of the time of Louis XVI. This squares with a long-standing desire of the Empress Eugenie's, that, namely, of donning the costume of Marie Antoinette. Her rage for everything connected with Maria Theresa's unfortunate daughter is beyond belief, and goes so far that there exists a person I could name, whose office it is to collect all he can find that belonged to Marie Antoinette, and to bring the objects to her imperial majesty. She resolved two or three years since to have a *bal masqué*, at which she should personate Marie Antoinette herself ; but the Emperor, not perhaps liking the comparison, involuntarily recalled to mind, of the fate of the martyred queen, positively forbade any disguise of the sort. This time, however, a loophole has been invented ; the Empress will be dressed *à la Marie Antoinette*, but will not represent Marie Antoinette herself, which is to her probably not nearly so important. What her fair majesty cares for is rather the powder that was on the outside, than the high thoughts that were inside the noble head brought to the block in '93 ; and so long as she can vary her modern attire by that worn by the court ladies of the last century, she will I dare say be indifferent to the glory of "reviving" the kingly-woman in whom both Carlyle and Mirabeau recognised a "hero."

All this puts one in mind of other times ; and apropos to this projected masque at the Tuilleries in 1859, I cannot help recalling a similar *flè* given there in 1840. My authority is Madame d'Harcourt, in the book I referred to last week, upon the poor Duchesse d'Orleans. Not quite three years after her marriage, this poor young Princess, then "too happy," as she herself expresses it, "not to fear her happiness," had a great wish to give a masked ball at the Pavillon Marsan, which was the part of the Tuilleries attached to her establishment. Louis-Philippe was brought to consent, not without difficulty, for he disliked whatever took his sons in any way, even when married, from under his wing. However, he consented ; and the masked ball took place, much to the delight of the young couple who were the donors of the entertainment. The Duchesse d'Orleans was costumed as Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XII. We read in Madame d'Harcourt's charming volume, that notwithstanding her extreme wish for this *flè*, upon the eve of it she became pre-occupied, and at last said to one of her most intimate friends : "Tell me candidly and sincerely, am I doing wrong ? Are these sort of festivities so many vanities unworthy of the grave responsibilities of our position ?" I wonder if it ever crossed the head of Eugénie de Montijo, now turned into an Empress—

"At the stroke of an enchanter's wand."

that her position had any "grave responsibilities," that it would be desirable she should attend to ?

I almost wonder at the august pair deciding to honour M. Fould's ball with their presence *en dominos* ; for last year the Emperor was made to hear rather unpleasant truths upon a similar occasion. Both the ladies who spoke them were foreigners. The first dialogue was as follows : "Do you go to the Tuilleries, madam ?" A toss of the head with pretty indignation, and the following answer : "No, indeed, I should think not ! Who that belongs to society would go to such a place ?" (*Une si vilaine baraque.*) Well, there is a conclusion to the story which I cannot relate, and which I incline to believe was invented by the angry courtiers of the Tuilleries. But for the words I quote I can absolutely vouch. The second mishap was this : a very pretty silly lady fell in with a domino, who amused her, and she asked him who he was, "I am the Emperor," said the domino. "Oh, impossible," said the lady, "the Emperor is so very ugly ! you can't be the Emperor !" though why she should have so resolutely supposed her hidden companion's face might not be ugly too, I am at a loss to guess. The domino continued, "What, then, you don't think the Emperor good-looking ?" "Good-looking !" retorted the fair one. "I think him *dreadfully ugly !*" The domino declined any further colloquy, and glided away. "What were you saying to the Emperor ?" asked M. de Morny, a minute after of the lady. She stood aghast (I told you she was silly) and could not believe her ears when her new interlocutor over and over repeated to her that her domino had been Caesar himself !

As I told you some short time since, Gounod's *Faust* was to have been in readiness by this time ; but there is a kind of a hitch, and some delay may ensue. At the last rehearsal it was found, first, that the fifth act must be altered, and next, that the tenor won't do at all. These are serious obstacles, but M. Gounod is already hard at work to repair the first, and M. Carvalho, the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, will probably succeed in discovering the second. Meanwhile Meyerbeer has been at odds with a singular performer in his new opera, who is neither more nor less than a she-goat ! In one scene of this new work a fair damsel crosses a bridge with a goat ; the maiden falls into the stream, which the goat does not do. Now, from time immemorial, the caprine race has boasted of tempers anything rather than docile, and the specimens of it brought to the Opéra Comique seemed destined to maintain the traditions of their species. The goats were young, and pretty, and white ; with the longest silkiest coats and the most polished hoofs, they united every perfection required by the code of caprine coquetry—but no power on earth would induce them to cross the bridge ! As to pulling them over, it was no use thinking of it. Out of the three taken into training, not one would be dragged across the bridge, and the only result of the hauling system was to make its victim rear on its hind-legs, and assume the attitude of a certain learned goat who played the "tabor" before Queen Elizabeth, and whose image, whilst so doing, is preserved in old prints. At last, however, M. Paglanti, the uncommonly sharp stage manager, bethought him of a way to vanquish the resistance he met with, and carrots have accomplished what a regiment of Sappers and Miners would have failed to achieve. A bunch of the largest, freshest, finest carrots is held conspicuously in the wing opposite to the bridge, and the four-footed actress flies eagerly towards it as soon as her conductress lets her loose by tumbling into the water.

But what a case of *vanitas vanitatum* to be Meyerbeer, and to be held at bay by such a perverse animal, by an animal whose very bleat is inharmonious ! To have written the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, and to be checkmated by a goat !

What is more important is, that the one or two men capable of judging, who have heard separate pieces of the new opera (which after all will be called *Le Val Maudit*), pronounce them beautiful, and beautiful in a style that has not hitherto been

that of the illustrious composer. There is said to be a chorus of extreme *naïveté* and freshness ; the voices are not wound up to the top of their bent, and the orchestra is described as very much subdued, compared to the author's other works.

Leghorn, Feb. 15, 1859.

Amidst our rumours of wars and fresh combinations in northern Italy—which, by the way, are far more rife and general here than they would seem with you at home—we have just had an event here which will most inopportunistically trouble our relations with this country. Not that the incident itself is either a grave or a great one, but that as all questions with Tuscany are subjected to an Austrian guidance and approval (and to an extent scarcely credible), this case will assuredly revive the recollections of the celebrated Mater outrage, which so seriously embittered our intercourse with Austria some few years ago. The facts are briefly these. Two boys—part of a crew of an English vessel in the port—on returning to their ship at night had a dispute with the boatman as to his fare. Angry words were interchanged, and menaces, when at length one of the boys having ascended the ship's side, threw half a bucket of water over the bargeman, and also struck him with a small piece of coal. The boatman thus assaulted rowed back towards shore, but scarcely had he gone some yards when he met the boat containing a sort of harbour guard, on the way to light the lamps on the breakwater. What representations he may have made to them is difficult to say, but the result was that they boarded the English ship, beat the two boys most cruelly, following them, as they tried to escape, over the vessel, and ultimately left them bleeding and senseless. While these proceedings were going forward the captain, his mate, and the cook, who had been on shore, returned to the vessel, and were immediately set upon by the armed force, now reinforced by another boatful, armed with muskets. Not heeding the protestations of the captain and his people that they were ignorant of all that had occurred ; not listening to the assurances that, if any injury had been done in their absence, or any outrage committed, due reparation should be made ; they attacked them, unarmed as they were, slashing away recklessly with their swords till they had left the captain dangerously wounded in the head and face, the mate much maltreated, and even the cook, who had hid himself in the hold, was dragged from his hiding place to be cut down and beaten like the rest. So serious were the injuries, that the wounded men had to be conveyed to an hospital on stretchers, and are now lying dangerously ill.

Mr. Macbean, the English consul, an official whose zeal and ability are well known, at once addressed himself to the governor of Leghorn, demanding a full and open investigation of the whole occurrence, and ample punishment against all proved culpable of the shameful outrage. The governor, acting under the advice of the avocat-general, a sort of attorney-general, attempted to turn the entire blame upon the English, ascribing to them, as a national characteristic, the tendency to overturn all authority in countries not their own, but ending by offering in a species of kind compromise, to draw stakes on both sides, and take no further steps in the matter. To this the consul most properly demurred, and immediately placed himself in relation with the British legation at Florence, in whose hands the question now lies.

After all, the shameful and savage character of the assault remains a point of great importance ; which is, that by a treaty, ratified I think in 1840, a distinct clause provides, That no boat of armed guards of the port is on any pretext to board an English ship without a regularly issued warrant, signed by the governor of Leghorn, nor is such visit to be made without due notice previously given to the British consul, when such is practicable. It is rumoured that the harbour-master has been placed under arrest ; but up to this time I have no information that any other step towards reparation has been taken.

The Hon. assume the a curious c had the m ment when comes back ing his int case any o the former particle of injured cap committed plea of m was cowar thorough e settlement, significance Tuscan gov the feeling this most certain th Vienna to the two n men of eve desires for kindly me tionably a

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The Hon. Mr. Scarlett is now on his way to assume the head of the legation at Florence. By a curious coincidence it was his fortune to have had the memorable Mather case in his management when formerly chargé d'affaires, and now he comes back to find a very similar incident awaiting his interference. There are not in the present case any of those complications which rendered the former one so difficult and knotty. Not a particle of provocation can be alleged against the injured captain and his mate, nor was the outrage committed under what might be assumed the plea of military discipline. It was wanton, as it was cowardly, and if ever a case called for a thorough explanation this is such. Nor will the settlement, when it does occur, be without its significance. In the tone and temper which the Tuscan government will evince, will be exhibited the feeling entertained by Austria towards us at this most critical moment. Of late it is quite certain that a growing desire has been felt at Vienna to renew the old ties which once united the two nations; and although English statesmen of every party have not scrupled to express desires for Italian liberty, a sentiment of more kindly meaning towards Austria has unquestionably appeared amongst us.

In fact, in proportion as the true position of Italy is understood, all men recognise the immense difficulties of legislating for that group of nationalities which compose the peninsula,—the idea of a "United Italy" being an absurdity too gross for any to entertain; the Venetian, the Piedmontese, the Tuscan, the Roman, and the Neapolitan displaying contrasts and disparities of character it would be difficult to find more strongly marked throughout the nations of Europe. Nor are they more alike in feeling than language. To the Genoese the Venetians are quite unintelligible, and so with the Lombard and the Neapolitan. I do not by this imply that an Austrian rule is either necessary or politic. I would only protest against that assumption so flippantly propagated, that "Italy for the Italians" solves every difficulty of the case.

At all events, of one point let us be well assured, from whatever quarter the future benefit of Italy is to issue it will not be France; and of this fact I am assured no one is more satisfied than M. Cavour himself.

If that clever statesman has accepted French intervention, it has only been because he could obtain no other aid; and that, to his thinking, the case of Italy is one for which a settlement can no longer be deferred. Indeed, he is not alone in believing that Sardinia must either be strengthened, or the cause of constitutionalism be abandoned, or her government go back to its former despotic rule.

What part will England take in the coming struggle?

#### SCIENTIFIC.

##### MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- MON.** Royal Academy, 8 P.M. Mr. Westmacott, "On Sculpture."
- Royal Geographical Society, 8:30 P.M. Papers to be read: 1. "Journey through the highest Passes in the A-la-tü and A-c-tü Mountains in Chinese Tartary," by T. W. Atkinson, Esq., F.R.G.S. 2. Communication from the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, F.R.G.S., "On the Measures which had been taken by the Indian Government, to ascertain the fate of M. Adolphe Schleginweit."
- South Kensington Museum, 8 P.M. Mr. J. C. Robinson, "On Porcelain Wares in General."
- Institute of Actuaries, 7 P.M. Mr. Thomas Miller, "On Fire Insurance, Specific and Average."
- TUES.** Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Owen, "On Fossil Mammals."
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. R. Mallet, M.I.C.E., "On the Co-efficients of Elasticity and of Rupture in Wrought Iron, in relation to the volume of the metallic mass, its metallurgical treatment, and the axial direction of its constituent crystals."
- Royal Society of Literature, 8:30 P.M.
- Society of Arts, 8 P.M. Mr. Richard Westmacott, R.A., "On Colouring Sculpture."
- South Kensington Museum, 8 P.M. Mr. Clarke's Address to the Art Workmen on the Application of Ornament.

**THURS.** Royal Society, 8 P.M. Mr. Cassiot, "On an Experiment in which the Stratifications in Electrical Discharges are Destroyed by an Interruption of the Secondary Circuit." (With Experiments.) Dr. Frankland, "Researches on Organico-Metallic Bodies." Fourth Memoir. (With Experiments.)

- Royal Academy, 8 P.M. Mr. S. A. Hart, R.A., "On Painting."
- Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On the Force of Gravity."
- Society of Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
- Linnæan Society, 8 P.M. Papers to be read: 1. Mr. Barter, "On the Vegetation of the Niger." 2. M. Bourgeau, "On the Climate and Vegetation of Saskatchewan." 3. Mr. Masters, "On a monstrous form of the Wild Carrot." 4. Mr. Spruce, "On five New Plants from Eastern Peru."
- Zoological Society, 3 P.M. General Business.
- Royal Institution. Weekly Meeting at 8 P.M. At 9 P.M., Professor Tyndall, "On the Veined Structure of Glaciers."
- United Service Institution, 3 P.M. Admiral Fitzroy, "On Meteorology."
- Archaeological Institute, 4 P.M.
- SAT.** Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Dr. W. A. Miller, "On Organic Chemistry."
- Royal Asiatic Society, 8:30 P.M. Lecture by Viscount Strangford, in illustration of Ethnological Sketches taken at Constantinople.

**ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.**—Feb. 19. Colonel Sykes, M.P., in the chair. The Rev. J. Davies was elected into the Society. Professor H. H. Wilson completed the reading of his analysis of the Travels of Hiouen Thsang, a Chinese Buddhist pilgrim, who visited India and the contiguous countries to the north and north-west, in the first half of the seventh century, A.D.; and who, after a journey of some twenty-five thousand miles, and a sojourn of seventeen years, returned to his own country, bringing with him a journal of the observations he had made during his long pilgrimage. Professor Wilson observed that Hiouen Thsang appears not to have published any account of his lengthened wanderings, but that two of his disciples wrote, and gave to the world, a biography of their master, of which his diary forms the chief portion; and this was translated in 1853 by M. St. Julien, who has very recently published a translation of another Chinese work called the "Si-yu-ki," which was said to be compiled from Sanscrit sources, but which was most probably obtained from the Travels of Hiouen Thsang, and in a great measure published in his own words. An analysis of the "Si-yu-ki," made by M. de St. Martin, with reference to a map of Central Asia, which was printed with M. Julien's translation, complete the materials from whence the paper was written; and they give a better account of the journey of Hiouen Thsang, and of the state of Central Asia in the seventh century than can be gathered by a native of China from the original works. Professor Wilson observed that Hiouen Thsang was one of those early Chinese travellers who went to India for the sole purpose of visiting the holy places of the Buddhist faith; and that their writings were chiefly interesting as giving some account of the country at a time when nothing was derivable from other sources, owing to the singular deficiency of anything geographical and historical throughout all Indian literature, which was only supplied in any considerable degree by the Mahomedan writers, long after the period of the Buddhist pilgrimages. At the same time, much of the interest which might have been expected from these Chinese journals was destroyed by the almost exclusive attention of the writers to an account of Buddhist institutions, and of the relics of Buddha. Professor Wilson passed a high eulogium on M. Julien's work, and the admirable way in which he had succeeded in getting the Sanscrit names out of the uncouth forms in which they were entangled by the Chinese mode of writing; and he had given tables of Sanscrit equivalents for Chinese characters, which cannot fail to be essentially useful to all who may in future investigate ancient Indian history from Chinese sources. Hiouen Thsang began his journey in 629 A.D., at Leang-cheou, in the north-west of China; went to the country of the Ouigurs (I-gou), and thence westward, in a line north of the great desert of Gobi, as far as Talas (Ta-los-se), on the Jaxartes, his furthest northern point. Talas was then, as

now, chiefly inhabited by Turks (Tou-kioue). He then proceeds to Samarkand (Sa-mo-kien), and to Bamian (Tan-yen-na), where he saw the colossal statues which have been described by Burnes. From Bamian he goes south and west; crosses the Hindu Kush, and passes into India, by the Taxila of the Greeks, through the Punjab to Muttra (Ma-thou-lo), Canouje (Kei-jo-ki-ché), where he notices the legend of the hump-backed damsel (Kamja Kulja) from the Ramayana; and proceeds along the valley of the Ganges, noticing especially Kapilavastu (Kie-pi-lo-fa-su-tu), the birth-place of Buddha; and makes a long stay in Magadha, the holy land of the Buddhists, the country where many relics of the faith remain to this day. Hiouen Thsang subsequently went to the Dekkan. The most southern period appears to be Kanchipuram (Kien-chi-pu-la) the modern Conjeveram, forty-six miles from Madras. From hence he goes, west by north, till he reaches the Western Ghauts, and thence, by a long sweep to the North, through the Konkan to Valabhipuram (Fa-li-pi). In this part, as observed by M. St. Martin, there is great confusion in bearings and distances, the former being often inverted, and the latter greatly exaggerated; and Prof. Wilson is inclined to believe that we have here a relation of detached journeys, or even of routes, derived from information unvisited by the pilgrim. The route is now through Guzerat and Sind, to Kabul, where he names the capital, Hupina—the Alexandria Opiana of Stephen of Byzantium, still named Hupiān. From this region he returned home through the valley of the Oxus, the cities of Cashgar and Yarkiend, and the great desert of Golie, to the place from whence he had set out seventeen years before.

**STATISTICAL SOCIETY.**—Tuesday, February 15th. Col. Sykes, M.P., Vice-President, in the chair. Lord Palmerston was elected a Fellow. Mr. Newmarch read a paper "On the Electoral Statistics of England and Wales, 1856-7, Part II." The object of the paper is not to advocate reform or any particular scheme of reform. Its aim is to show the present proportions of representation to population and income; and to ascertain the numerical effect of proposals which have been made for extending the suffrage in counties and in boroughs. We may estimate the number of adult males in England and Wales, at the present time, at 5,000,000; the number of inhabited houses at 3,600,000; and the number of voters at 942,000. Of the inhabited houses 60 per cent. may be considered as worth less than 6*l.* per annum; 15 per cent. as worth 6*l.* and under 10*l.*; and 25 per cent. as worth 10*l.* and above. Of the occupiers of houses under 6*l.* 20 per cent.; and of the occupiers of houses from 6*l.* to 10*l.* 10 per cent. may be regarded as released from local assessments on grounds implying poverty. The following table shows the present constituencies in counties and boroughs, and the augmented constituencies that would be formed by adopting (1) a 10*l.* occupation qualification in counties, (2) a 6*l.* occupation in counties and boroughs, (3) a merely household occupation in counties and boroughs:

	County Votes	Borough Votes	Total Votes
Present Constituencies .....	662,000	432,000	994,000
10 <i>l.</i> Occupation in Counties ..	610,000	432,000	1,042,000
6 <i>l.</i> Occupation .....	900,000	600,000	1,500,000
Occupation merely .....	1,780,000	1,030,000	2,810,000

For the consideration of the electoral statistics of England and Wales, it has been thought desirable to arrange the counties in groups, as follows:

1. Metropolitan : Middlesex.
2. South Eastern : Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hants.
3. South Midland : Berks, Bucks, Herts, Oxon, Northampton, and Beds.
4. Eastern : Hunts, Cambridge, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, Rutland, York (East Riding).
5. South Western : Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Wilts, Somerset.
6. West Midland : Gloucester, Monmouth, Hereford, Worcester, Salop, Stafford.
7. Midland : Warwick, Derby, Leicester, Notts.

8. North Western : Cheshire, Lancashire, York (West Riding).

9. Northern : York (North Riding), Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland.

10. South Wales.

11. North Wales.

Groups 3, 4, 5, and 6, form the agricultural division of the kingdom. It is here that the greatest discrepancy exists between income and members. Taking the whole of England and Wales, the proportion of annual income assessed to the income-tax under schedules A, B, and D, is 730,000. income to each member in counties ; in boroughs 280,000. to each member. In the four agricultural groups the proportion is 740,000. per member in the counties, and 100,000. in the boroughs. From investigations made into the workings of the Poor-Law Acts, it appears that the constituencies created on the *cumulative* principle do not exceed the Parliamentary constituencies by more than 10 per cent. ; and also that the voting-paper system brings nearly 90 per cent. of the constituents to the poll, the average on the open-voting system being not more than 50 per cent. Throughout the inquiry it has been manifest that in the settlement of our electoral system there is no trace of numerical uniformity ; and it is perfectly certain that no alteration on a basis of numerical uniformity could be effected without a complete breaking-up and re-modelling of all the existing local boundaries, and of most of the existing local laws of the country.

In the discussion which followed Mr. Chadwick, Dr. Guy, Mr. Hodge, Dr. Parr, Mr. Lumley, Mr. Hyde Clarke, Mr. Lee, Mr. Wilson, M.P., Mr. Tite, M.P., Mr. Slaney, M.P., and the Chairman took part ; and thanks having been voted to Mr. Newmarch, the meeting separated.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—January 11 and 18. George P. Bidder, Esq., Vice President, in the Chair. January 25 and February 1, Joseph Locke, Esq., M.P., President in the Chair. The discussion upon Mr. M. Scott's Paper, "Description of a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth, and of certain Improvements in Breakwaters, applicable to Harbours of Refuge," occupied these four evenings.

At the Monthly Ballot, on January 11th, the following candidates were balloted for, and duly elected :—Messrs. H. A. Fletcher, M. Ohren, and W. B. Wright, as Associates.

At the Monthly Ballot, on February 1st, the following candidates were balloted for, and duly elected :—Messrs. W. M. Brydone, A. W. Makinson, and T. B. Winter, as Members ; and Messrs. E. Gilkes, C. J. Mead, and J. Reid, as Associates.

February 8th. The Paper read was "On the Performance of the Screw Steamship *Sahel*, fitted with Du Trembley's Combined Vapour Engine ; and of the sister-ship *Oasis*, with Steam Engines worked expansively, and provided with Partial Surface Condensation," by Mr. James W. Jameson. The discussion, which was opened, was announced to be continued at the next meeting.

**ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—Tuesday, February 23, 1859. Dr. Gray, F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair, the secretary read a paper by Dr. Baird, "On a new species of *Tenia*, found by Mr. E. Gerrard, of the British Museum, in the intestines of the Albatross (*Diomedea exulans*). Dr. Baird characterised it by the name of *Tenia sulciceps*. Dr. Gray read a paper "On the Eared Seal of the Cape of Good Hope." At the last meeting he gave an account of the Eared Seal from Behring Straits, showing that it was distinct from the species found in other localities, since which he had received from Paris, a fine specimen of an adult Eared Seal from the Cape of Good Hope, which has been described in the catalogue of the British Museum as *Olaria delalandii*. Like the Seal from Behring Straits, it proves a species of *Arctocephalus*, and like it, it is quite distinct from any of the species of that genus in the British Museum. It is also, like that from Behring Straits, a Fur Seal, that is to say, it has a close coat of red under-fur, at the roots of the rigid

flattened hair ; but this under-fur is much shorter and less abundant in the adult specimen now under examination, than in that from Behring Straits, or from the Falkland Islands. It is about the same size as the Seal from the Arctic Circle, but is much paler in its general colour.

#### FINE ARTS.

*The Church of England Photographic Portrait Gallery.* Parts 2—5. (Mason & Co.)

*The Bench and the Bar : a Series of Photographic Portraits of Eminent Lawyers.* Parts 1 & 2. (Mason & Co.)

THEIR will soon be scarcely a man of any note whose face—likeness warranted, Sun the painter—will not be public property, procurable by friend or foe for a few shillings. This series of Church of England clergymen goes on prosperously. We have here a bishop, two deans, and a golden lecturer. All are men whose celebrity justifies the publication of their portraits, and some might not unfairly have considered themselves entitled to a more favourable setting forth.

The first in order of publication is 'The Rev. Daniel Moore, M.A., Incumbent of Camden Chapel, and Lothbury Lecturer,' who seems to have been in no very amiable mood when the camera fixed its eye upon him. The photograph itself is not very successful. It is flat, wanting in definition, and not very agreeable in colour. The Bishop of Durham (by Mr. J. Watkins) is far happier. The head, a keen, cheerful, intellectual one, comes out distinctly and vigorously, and the print would be altogether satisfactory were it not for the hands, which are blurred and swollen. No. 4 contains Dr. Hook of Leeds, by Mr. Ramsden of that town. There is no mistaking the likeness ; but from the upper part of the head being inclined backwards, the mouth and chin are rendered unduly prominent and fleshy. The intellectual character is sunk, and instead of the earnest pastor and popular preacher, we have what might be taken for the shrewd senior partner of a flourishing Leeds factory. As a photograph it is flat and ineffective. The last of the present series is Dr. Trench, a faithful but certainly not *spirituel* likeness. Nor is the photograph which is from the studio of "The London School of Photography," by any means a masterpiece. This print affords, by the way, a curious example of the officious faithfulness of photography. Dr. Trench is a distinguished scholar and author. A book in the hand was therefore the orthodox symbol. But the "School" knows nothing of philology or theology. Its library had neither Trench on Words, nor Trench on Miracles. All it could muster was a Manual of Chemistry. This it was thought would not do for Dean Trench, however it might have suited Dean Buckland. The title on the back was therefore covered with some undecypherable hieroglyphics : but the Sun was not to be so hoodwinked. He saw through the sham and proclaimed it. And so the Dean is immortalised—a puzzle for posterity—pondering profoundly on Fownes's Manual.

We are afraid we cannot compliment the publishers on the brilliancy of their prints, whatever we may do on their good fortune in obtaining such sitters. But the series is one which in its entirety cannot fail to interest all churchmen, while some of the names will command respect far beyond the pale of any Church.

The Bench and the Bar, however, are decidedly in advance of the pulpit. The lawyers certainly outshine the parsons. There are only two of them, but both are men of more than average mark. No. 1 is Lord Justice Sir J. L. Knight-Bruce—a capital likeness, minus the humour which usually lurks about the corners of his lordship's mouth. The Lord Justice has neither gown nor wig : but Vice-Chancellor Sir Page Wood is resplendent in full dress horse-hair, lace, and brooded robes. But the Vice-Chancellor certainly becomes his habit or his habit him. The wig is really a curiosity in its way. Examined with a lens it is a very marvel of imitation. Every individual hair is several and distinct ;

yet you no more think of the particular hairs in looking at the whole than you would in looking at the real wig on the living Chancellor's head. But lest we lose the Chancellor in looking at his wig, let us say that the head is a very forcible and very characteristic one, and that the whole portrait makes an effective and artistic picture. Both Sir Knight-Bruce and Sir Page Wood are by Mr. J. Watkins, and are very creditable to his taste and skill—but in both there are many more white specks and black spots than ought to appear in the works of so practised a manipulator.

We ought perhaps to add that the portraits in each series are accompanied with brief memoirs—written in very good taste—giving the necessary dates and facts, but omitting all comments.

#### ROWNEY'S CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHICS.

We have just had an opportunity afforded us of examining the series of coloured copies of pictures, chiefly drawings in water-colours, printed by the chromo-lithographic process of Messrs. Rowney, and of witnessing the process itself in its various stages. The object sought to be attained by chromo-lithography is the production of fac-similes of pictures in colour, touch, and texture, as well as in drawing, light and shadow. This is accomplished by repeated printings of the same plate from a succession of lithographic stones. Each stone prints one colour or tint, and it would consequently be necessary to have as many stones as there are colours, or modifications of colour, in the picture, were it not that some tints are produced by the superposition of one colour or tint upon others previously printed. As it is, a very large number of stones, in some instances no fewer than twenty-four, are employed ; in which case each print is of course passed four-and-twenty times through the printing press. None of the stones contain more than a portion of the subject, hence it requires the nicest care to adjust the paper accurately in the successive printings, or to make it, as it is technically termed, *register* correctly. Even the unequal drying of the paper affects the register. Yet it is essential that it be done even to the fiftieth of an inch, or drawing and colour will be alike disturbed. This kind of printing is done entirely by hand, and to be done properly it requires the constant supervision of an artistic eye.

Chromo-lithography has been now some years before the public, and, as the manner in which the colours—it is hardly necessary to say that oil colours alone are employed—fluence each other in printing, blend with, modify, or counteract one another, becomes better understood, the process is found to be more and more effective in the hands of experienced art-workmen. But everything almost depends on the controlling head. As a really successful engraving from a good picture can only be produced by an engraver who possesses taste and feeling, and understands the principles of art as well as knows how to use his burin, so it is evident there must be an educated eye and artistic knowledge to reproduce, with any approach to fidelity, the subtle lines and hues and gradations of colour on which the superiority of the work of a master mainly depends. And it is the want of the artist's eye and feeling evident in the majority of chromo-lithographs which has done so much to bring the art into disrepute, or rather we should perhaps say, has prevented its value being duly appreciated.

Without entering into comparison between the work of various chromo-lithographers, we may observe that Messrs. Rowney have practised the art with steadily increasing success, almost from its introduction, and have now collected a "gallery" of perhaps a hundred reproductions of drawings, chiefly landscapes, by our leading water-colour painters, including Turner, Prout, Harding, Dewint, Cattermole, Callow, Rowbotham, F. Taylor, Hunt, Topham, Copley Fielding, Bright, Holland, Pyne, &c. Some of these are really extraordinary in their minute faithfulness. The sketchy style of Callow, for example, is so happily caught that a tolerable judge might be deceived without a close examination.

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tion. So again Rowbotham's original drawing of the 'Calabrian Coast' stands alongside the chromolithographic copy in the gallery, and the identity of colour and even touch is almost perfect. Prout's manner is also very cleverly rendered. But perhaps the most admirable, because the most difficult to imitate, of all those earlier water-colour drawings is Turner's 'Bridge of Tours,' in which the quiet, subdued, and exquisitely harmonious colour is copied with fine feeling. Turner used to say that the charm of colour was mainly dependent on the grays in a picture, and the artists who superintend these reproductions seem fully alive to the value of subdued tones and quiet grays.

Recently Messrs. Rowney have been working on a larger scale, and copying paintings in oil as well as water-colours. Their most ambitious effort is Turner's well-known work now at Marlborough House, 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' a gorgeous blaze of colour, and one defying the efforts of the most accomplished copyist. We have seen no copy in oil or water-colours that could be said to render worthily this extraordinary picture, and we do not think the print an exception. But it is not inferior to the copies we have seen, and it is worthy of all commendation as a specimen of colour-printing: the later impressions, by the way, have been greatly improved by strengthening the gray tints in the earlier stages. To produce this print (which is 27 inches by 18), twenty-four stones are used. Another very large, and to our thinking more satisfactory print, is Mulready's 'Crossing the Ford,' in the Vernon Gallery. This is reproduced of the same size as the original; and the very trick of the master's pencil, the somewhat peculiar flesh tints, and the general tone and colour are repeated with curious felicity. We recommend to Messrs. Rowney that universal favourite 'Choosing the Wedding Gown' as the subject of a similar repetition. We fancy if that picture could be as successfully copied, it would prove about the most popular print yet produced; but it would, we imagine, be very difficult to render faithfully. The latest, and on the whole the finest, of these prints, is another from the Vernon Collection,—Stanfield's 'Canal of the Giudecca, and Church of the Jesuits, Venice,' about the same size as the Turner print, and a little less than the original painting (27 in. by 18). It is a very chaste and effective print. Another of these copies of oil paintings is a clever fruit-piece by George Lance.

Some supercilious connoisseurs affect to look down upon these "mechanical copyings." We have no such feeling. We welcome gladly whatever seems likely to extend the enjoyment of good art. Colour is a part of painting which meets a universal want. But it is only by some mechanical appliance that coloured pictures, or anything better than the merest daubs, can be brought within the reach of any but the affluent. More than once have we expressed our pleasure at seeing respectable coloured 'Studies of the Great Masters' published at a price that enables the humblest mechanic or peasant to have one or more on his cottage walls. The prints before us are, as works of art, of course of a far higher grade. They address themselves to those who admire and can appreciate good English pictures, but whose means scarcely permit them to indulge in the luxury of picture buying. These chromo-lithographs supply them with the best substitutes for the works they admire but cannot purchase. For less than half as many shillings as the originals would cost guineas, they can have, in one of these prints, a very admirable copy of a capital water-colour drawing; wanting, undoubtedly, in those subtleties and refinements of touch and colour, which only the hand of a master playing freely with his pencil could give, but still such as the most cultivated might regard with pleasure in his portfolio or on the walls of his drawing-room. While for a guinea-and-a-half, or a couple of guineas, singularly exact reproductions may be obtained of such works as Mulready's or Stanfield's Vernon Gallery paintings. To us this seems to be an unmixed good. Such prints not merely diffuse pleasure through a far wider circle than the origi-

nals could reach; but wherever they find their way they help to educate the eye, refine the taste, and foster and extend the love of art.

M. NIÉPCE DE ST. VICTOR'S EXPERIMENTS  
ON LIGHT.

Some months ago, as will be remembered, great interest was excited by the announcement by M. Niépce de St. Victor of a discovery made by him of a new action of light, and that light could be stored up, as it were, for use whenever required. The experiments were clear and precise, and the discovery was on all hands received as one of the most extraordinary of the results of the study of photogenic action. But the attempts made in this country to repeat the experiments failed of success, and some doubts of their accuracy have of late been gaining ground. At the last annual meeting of the Photographic Society, the President in his address from the chair gave formal expression to these doubts; and Mr. Hardwick in the preface to the new edition of his "Photographic Chemistry," stated that he had decided to omit any account of the experiments, and to "leave the subject for further investigation."

M. Niépce very naturally felt pained at this scepticism of English scientific men, and he invited Mr. Wheatstone to visit his laboratory in the Louvre, and "see with his own eyes a photograph made by light which had been stored up for several months." *The Photographic News* of last week (Feb. 18) contains communication from the Abbé Moigno giving full particulars of the result; and as the subject is one so curious in itself and so generally interesting, we copy the leading heads of the learned Abbé's letter:

"M. Niépce took a tube containing a piece of pasteboard which had been impregnated with tartaric acid, insolated for a length of time, and rolled up in it, in the month of June last, and the tube then hermetically closed. He and Professor Wheatstone placed themselves in a dark room; M. Niépce had a sheet of sensitised paper, on which he placed a piece of paper printed upon in large letters; he then opened the tube, holding it vertically, with the orifice downwards, and this orifice he placed on the printed paper which covered the sensitised paper; the tube was left in this position for about ten minutes, at the end of which time he removed it. The circle on the paper blackening in all its parts where it was not protected by the printed letters, at once visibly manifested the action of the light; the printed paper being removed, the characters were found to be very neatly traced in white, or forming a negative proof; this negative was treated like ordinary negatives, that is to say, it was fixed, and Professor Wheatstone placed it in his portfolio, to produce it before the Royal and Photographic Societies; a proof obtained by means of light that had been imprisoned for six months. The experiment, therefore, succeeded perfectly. Professor Wheatstone takes with him two tubes, one of which was placed in our hands on the 7th February, 1858, more than a year ago, the other closed in the month of June last, like that which was so efficacious under his inspection, and he will himself repeat the experiment in London before his illustrious colleagues, who will not then retain even the shadow of a doubt as to the reality of the persistent activity of the light."

M. Moigno gives in the paper referred to a formula by which "every one who wishes may succeed" in obtaining similar results. The editor of *The Photographic News* has seen the picture taken in the presence of Professor Wheatstone, and states that—

"The distinctness with which the printed paper used as a negative is reproduced on the sensitised paper, is perfectly surprising."

The same paper also contains an account of another remarkable discovery recently made by M. Niépce:

"Having prepared a paper with nitrate of silver and chloride of gold, he placed a negative upon it and enclosed the whole in a substitute for the ordinary printing frame, and submitted it to the action of *radiant heat*; the result answered his expectations. We have before us pictures obtained by him by these means, which are very distinct, even to the extent of reproducing legibly the inscription around a shield."

This result is probably due to molecular action; and indeed some very curious results, pointing in the same direction, have been obtained in this country by experiments suggested by, or variations of, the well-known experiments of Moser.

A letter from Boston states that the unfinished work of the late historian, Mr. Prescott, is to be carried to a conclusion by his secretary, John Foster Kirk.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The event of the past week was undoubtedly the second grand concert given on Wednesday evening by this new society, which, though scarcely a year old, has reached a degree of importance wholly without precedent in the musical history of this country. The first concert, held about a month ago, has been the town's talk ever since, and the one under notice was, with respect to the performance, even more than a match for it. Let us, however, depart from our usual custom, in honour of an unusual occurrence, and append the programme:—

Highland Overture ..... Niels Gade.  
Recit. and Air (Indian Queen), Mr. Santley. Purcell.  
Scena (MS.), "Medora," Miss Dolby ..... Henry Smart.  
Duet (MS.), Pianoforte and Orchestra;  
Pianoforte, M. Silas ..... Silas.

PART II.

Symphony, "Die Weise der Töne" ..... Spohr.  
Aria, "Ah! Rendimi quel core," Miss Dolby (Mitrame) ..... F. Rossi.  
Scena, Mr. Santley ("Fair Rosamond") ..... John Barnett.  
Overture (Die Zauberflöte) ..... Mozart.  
Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The *Highland Overture* of M. Gade is a laboured and spiritless effusion, and, well as it was played, failed to create the slightest interest. Some of our contemporaries, however, led into error by the title with which the Danish musician has invested his work, have criticised it because it is not Scotch in character. Now, there happen to be "Highlands" in other countries besides Scotland; and, as M. Gade was never in Great Britain, it is probable he was neither thinking of Ben Lomond nor of Ben Nevis when he wrote his overture—but of Scandinavian uplands further north. Another mistake, made current through the London papers, it is perhaps equally advisable to correct. Instead of being "wholly unknown" to this country, the music of M. Gade has enjoyed more than one chance of hearing, his symphony in A minor having been performed at the Philharmonic concerts, and several of his works at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. Nor can those who were present have forgotten the trial of M. Gade's Symphony in C Major (1844), by the band of the Philharmonic Society, under Mendelssohn's direction, in the Hanover Square Rooms—an incident which led to circumstances not very honourable to any one concerned, except to Mendelssohn himself. At that time, just after Mendelssohn had taken him by the hand, and introduced him to the Gewandhaus Concerts, at Leipzig—where, after the great musician's death, he succeeded to the post of director,—M. Gade promised brilliantly; but his promise has scarcely been fulfilled. At any rate the *Highland Overture* is one of the poorest, dryest, and least characteristic of his works.

Purcell's famous scene, "Ye twice ten hundred deities," sounded very old-fashioned after M. Gade's overture, in spite of the coldly correct singing of Mr. Santley, and the additional accompaniments of the late Mr. Kearns, against which the *quidnuncs* were sure to inveigh, and have inveighed—*laudatores temporis acti*, as they are, to a *quidnunc*. Mr. Henry Smart's *Medora* is a finely-written *scena*, and splendidly instrumented for the orchestra; but it is too like Weber (what critics was it who found it like *Mozart*)† and somewhat too lengthy. Miss Dolby sang it finely; and had it not been unfavourably placed, after a couple of such long, and comparatively dull pieces (itself being none of the liveliest), it would have produced a more sensible effect.

The duet of M. Silas for pianoforte and orchestra is a piece of inflated insipidity, and the performance of the pianoforte part by the composer was by no means of so highly-finished a description as to set it off to advantage. From these preliminaries it may be gathered that the first part of the concert was, to say the least of it, a little prolix.

The weak points in the second part were con-

\* Vacated some time after, in favour of M. Rietz, Mendelssohn's pupil—M. Gade preferring to be a despot at Copenhagen, rather than a King Log at Leipzig.

† The critic of the *Daily News*.—Printer's Devil.

fined exclusively to the vocal music. Rossi's antique air, composed about the time of Purcell (near the end of the seventeenth century), coming immediately next to Spohr's symphony, had a most grotesque appearance. Imagine Colley Cibber at the Princess's Theatre, witnessing the complex and intricate scenic paraphernalia of Mr. Charles Kean's *Macbeth*, and Corelli listening to a fiddle concerto by Paganini or Ernst! Poor Mr. John Barnett was still worse off, his *scena* ("The morning breaks") being lengthy and discursive, full of diluted Weberisms, and not over clear in construction. How, then, could it be made attractive at the fag end of such a concert? Mr. Santley appeared to feel that his position was untenable—at least if we may judge by the tameness of his delivery, which contrasted unfavourably with Miss Dolby's very animated performance just before—a performance that infused life even into the defunct Sig. Rossi.

The *Weiche der Töne* (*Consecration of Sound*) redeemed everything. Never was so truly marvellous performance of Spohr's most superb orchestral symphony heard before, at home or abroad. Mr. Alfred Mellon and his band (the finest ever organised in this country, although the tenors might be strengthened by the addition of Mr. Doyle) covered themselves with laurels by this grand display, in which the very perfection of orchestral colouring was attained. Such delicacy and such force united, either or both at hand when wanted, surpassed all we can remember. What a glorious work is this *Weiche der Töne!*—and what a faultless work might it not be rendered by curtailing the second part of the March (not one note of the March itself, be it understood) of about one-half! The episode becomes monotonous and tiresome long before the conclusion.

Well, if we had a long time to wait for *absolute* perfection, it was found at last. The overture to *Die Zauberflöte* is surely one of the most astonishing productions, not merely of the musical art, but of the human mind. Let a thousand Aristarchi busy themselves—for as many years as (according to astronomical calculation) Donati's comet would take to perform the journey from its aphelion (just a few million leagues the other side of Neptune) to the nearest fixed star—in criticising the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and we defy them to detect a flaw. "Sir,"—Dr. Johnson might have said—"there is no speck in it. The diamond is of the purest water. You are not of my opinion? Then pardon me, Sir—you are a donkey."

And the performance of Mozart's overture was worthy of it. What more need be said?

The next concert is announced to take place on the 30th prox., when Miss Arabella Goddard is to play the fourth piano-forte Concerto (in F minor), of Professor Sterndale Bennett. This is as if Napoleon III should, just at the present moment, invite Leopold of Austria to dinner. The Musical Society of London is beyond question the great artistic fact of the day—and one of the earliest results of its success must in all likelihood be the dissolution of the Philharmonic Society, which, if the younger institution continues to prosper, will stand in not much more significant light than the concert Dr. Wynde persists in deaminating "New Philharmonic." "*Cupiditas raeiz iniquitatis*" says St. Bernard, in the sixth chapter of his *Liber Sextus*—(the Musical Society of London does not seek for gain). "*Initium imnis peccati et causa totius perditionis, superba*," says the same devout preacher in another chapter (and the old Philharmonic Society has not sinned on the score of modesty). But what has this to do with the *Consecration of Sound*? "Positively nothing."

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The second of the "classical" series was quite as triumphant as the first. It was now the turn of Mozart, from whose compositions, vocal and instrumental, the programme was wholly made out. The selection was as interesting as well could be, the performance as fine, and the audience (one of the St. James's Hall "bumpers") as delighted as on the Mendelssohn night. M. Sinton succeeded to M.

Wieniawski, as first violin, and played so admirably that the accomplished Pole was not missed. The other performers were as before—in the quintet (the *passionato* G minor) Messrs. Ries, Doyle, Schreurs, and Piatti, and in the quartet (the admirable C major, No. 6 of the Haydn set) the same, with the exception of Mr. Doyle, who was compelled, after the first part, to abandon Mozart for Balfé, at the Royal English Opera. Mr. Doyle, however, was able, happily, to stay late enough at St. James's Hall to assist in the beautiful trio in E flat, for piano, viola, and clarinet, in the performance of which he was associated with Mr. Benedict and Mr. Lazarus. There was still a fourth instrumental piece—the Sonata in B flat (not the familiar one, but the No. 14, introduced by Miss Arabella Goddard at her *sorées* last season), for piano and violin, entrusted to Mr. Benedict and M. Sinton. With this the audience were so enchanted that they rapturously encored the slow movement. Indeed, the whole of the instrumental music was listened to with a degree of interest almost unprecedented, and every movement was applauded in the most enthusiastic manner. The vocal music, just as charming and attractive in its way, exhibited so great a variety that we are tempted to quote from the programme, as the best means of affording our readers an idea of how and from what sources it was called:—

Song, "The very Angels weep, dear," Mr. Wilby Cooper—Duet, "Ah perdon," Miss Stabbach and Mr. Wilby Cooper—Song, "L'Addio," Miss Palmer—Quartet canone, "E nel tuo nel mio bicchier," Misses Stabbach and Palmer, Messrs. Wilby Cooper and Santley—Song, "Since youth and beauty both are thine," Miss Stabbach—Duet, "Su beviam del bon licore," Mr. Wilby Cooper and Mr. Santley—Song, "Queste avventurieri infami," Mr. and Mrs. Santley—Trio, "Soave sia il vento," Miss Stabbach, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Santley.

All the above pieces were given *con amore*; and two of them—viz., the canzonet, "L'Addio," and the duet, "Su beviam" (*Il Seraglio*), encored. Miss Palmer, who sang the air allotted to her with exquisite feeling, obtained such an "ovation" as is rarely accorded to an artist. There were again two organ pieces by Mr. Hopkins of the Temple; but the instrument is not in good order, and even Mr. Wesley or Mr. Best would be at a loss to make it sound agreeably.

At the third concert on Monday, the programme will be divided between Haydn and Weber—a capital contrast.

**MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.**—Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir has given two concerts, at which the principal interest was created by a selection from the glees and other compositions of the late Sir Henry Bishop. On both occasions crowds were attracted to St. Martin's Hall. Such genuine music, well sung, is sure to delight. Mr. Leslie should introduce more of it; less of the "Allen" school of part-song; and no "prize" pieces at all. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and a distinguished party, witnessed the performance of Mr. Balfé's *Satanella* for the second time, on Tuesday evening. The Vocal Association (conductor, Mr. Benedict) held its second "undress concert" at St. James's Hall on Thursday night. At the next public concert we shall hear (for the first time) an "Ave Maria," from Mendelssohn's unpublished opera of *Loreley*. Handel's *Solomon* was to be produced last night by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall. Although not one of that master's very greatest works, the choruses in this oratorio alone make it worth a hearing.

At the last Crystal Palace concert, Miss Catherine Hayes was the principal singer, and among other interesting pieces Beethoven's magnificent overture to *Coriolanus*, and Mendelssohn's First Symphony (in C minor), with the *scherzo* arranged from the *Otetto* expressly for the Philharmonic Society, were performed. At the concert to-day there will be a feature of more than ordinary importance—viz., the music to the *Oedipus* of Sophocles, which Mendelssohn composed at the instigation of the King of Prussia. This has only once been heard in London, and then under very unfavourable circumstances, at a concert for the benefit of Miss Anderson at the Royal Italian Opera.

From abroad we learn that M. Meyerbeer's new work will be positively brought out at the Opéra Comique on the 15th of March. In Turin, Miss Victoire Balfé has made her *début* with brilliant success, at the Teatre Reggio, as *Amina* in the *Sonnambula*, having been recalled twice after every act—nine times in the course of the evening. Her next part will, we hear, be *Catherine* in Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*.

#### NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

FROM a bundle of music—good, bad, and indifferent, we gladly select *Six Melodies pour le Piano, composées par H. J. A. Henné* (Addison, Hollier, & Lucas), as excellent things of their kind, written with taste and correctness, effective without being difficult, and, though belonging to the family of *Lieder ohne Worte*, by no means either slavish copies or indirect parodies of Mendelssohn. This last is great praise, and bestowed with the less charriness on account of the other commendable qualities we have named. Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, are the best of the *Melodies*, but there is more than average merit in every one of them.

Mr. Benedict's "last new" *fantasia*, based upon Dr. Arne's delightful melody "Where the Bee sucks" (Chappell & Co.), and dedicated to the Misses Sutherland, is as attractive (though in a different style) as his "Erin" and "Caledonia," noticed some time since. The theme is presented admirably, developed in an interesting manner, and varied with a happy combination of elegance and brilliancy. The whole takes almost the shape of a romance, and ends as it begins (most appropriately), like a reverie. No doubt Mr. Benedict was dreaming of the "dainty Ariel" when he composed it.

To all who care for such vocal perpetrations as those with which the gentlemen styling themselves "Christy's Minstrels" are in the habit of edifying their constant patrons, *Boosey's Christy's Minstrels' Album* (Boosey & Sons), containing twelve of their most notorious ditties,—"Hoop de Dooden do," of course, included—with chorus and pianoforte accompaniment, besides concertina and violin *ad libitum*, may be safely recommended. Such "amateurs" will also unquestionably find pleasure in Mr. Nordmann's (rather clever) *divertimento*, entitled *An Evening with Christy's Minstrels* (same publishers); and not less so with Mr. Laurent's *Christy's Waltz* (do.), which is decidedly spirited. Having said thus much, we take leave of the sham niggers' spurious "melodies" (!) with a gratification, the extent of which is hardly to be conveyed through the medium of words unaccompanied by gesticulation. In the way of dance-music, we have to acknowledge Mr. Laurent's *Satanella Valse* (same publishers), in which some of the most popular themes in Mr. Balfé's last opera—the fascinating *Power of Love* among the rest—are brought together in tempting profusion; and the *Satanella Quadrilles* (ditto), a very showy and attractive set, also by Mr. Laurent, to which the identical phrase may apply. Finally, let us name *Love in Idleness*—a polka by Jeanne Le Brun (Leoni Lee)—in itself so lively and pretty as to render its title no less anomalous than fantastic. "And maidens call it Love in idleness" was assuredly not meant by Shakspeare as a prophetic allusion to Mille. Bruni's vivacious polka.

With a vocal piece or two we must close our budget. "The very angels weep, dear" (Duncan Davison & Co.), is an English version of Mozart's most exquisitely tender song, "Trennung und Wiedervereinigung," the original words being translated with Mr. John Oxenford's accustomed fidelity, and with perhaps even more than his accustomed ease and polish. We are glad to find, by the success which Mr. Wilby Cooper has recently met with in this admirable composition at St. James's Hall, that it is likely to become a favourite with the concert-going public. The more popular such music is made, the more will the real friends of healthy art have reason to be glad. Mr. J. A. Kappey's music to Shelley's beautiful stanzas:

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"Good night? Ah! no; the hour is ill  
Which severs those it should unite;  
Let us remain together still;  
Then it will be Good Night," &c.

(Addison, Hollier, & Lucas), is to be praised for correctness, allied with a certain inobtrusive grace revealing genuine sympathy for the poetry. "We walk by faith and not by sight" (Rudall, Rose, & Carter), to some devotional lines by the Bishop of Antigua, shows the composer, Mr. W. C. F. Robinson, more anxious than able to write well—*ex. gr.* (no name only one point among several) the last bar in the last line of the first page, to which we beg with deference to solicit his attention. But for such inharmonious awkwardness as is betrayed in bars 2-3, line 4, page 3—on the words "Beau-ti-ful to the eye must seem" (certainly not the profusion in question), "Maidenhood :

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orb a shadow lies," &c.

composed by "Stella," would be as irreproachable a setting of one of Professor Longfellow's most genuine bits of poetry as could well be looked for. The music is marked by true sentiment, and by no means deficient in melody. It might therefore be time and labour profitably employed to correct this, together with some few other discrepancies that help to spoil the accompaniment.

#### NEW NOVEL.

*Adam Bede.* By George Eliot. Three Volumes. (Blackwood.)

BURNS told us long ago that before Nature moulded the *lumen melius* and "made the lasses," it was necessary for her to bungle over that more defective piece of workmanship which we know as "man." And a great living essayist has hinted that even the stars in their courses may be but the waste of the workshop in which the beautiful world we live in was laboriously framed.

There may be various opinions about the validity of these theories of physical creation; there can be only one, we think, as to the laws that govern in the present day the world of prose fiction. In this world the law of "waste" undoubtedly prevails. We have large heaps of useless matter for one workmanlike result. So many lumps for the potter's wheel, so many shred-coils from the busy lathe, call it what you will, the fact remains the same, a certain amount of rubbish has to be shot from the cart of Mr. Mudie, and a very liberal allowance it is, for every novel that establishes a fair claim to live, and to teach the generations yet unborn. Adam Bede is one of these. It is a book that goes far to redeem its class. It is worth while to be pestered with a great many poor, and weak, and dull novels, if they are the indispensable complement of a novel like "Adam Bede."

People who have a passion for precise classification will find it a curious task to fix the bounds of Mr. Eliot's genius, so as to attach him to one of the recognised schools of thought, as developed among novel writers. Adam Bede, it is true, has a magnificent chest, a still more remarkable arm, and a transparent conscience. But it cannot be said that Mr. Eliot belongs to the "muscular-Christian" persuasion. He has evident sympathies with it, but he is not an apostle of the *religio nervosa*. Nor is any further clue gained by the delineation of the clergyman in this tale. Mr. Irwine, if he is to be called one thing more than another, must be set down as "High and Dry," representing a section of divines that had, perhaps, some few external points of resemblance to the later "Broad Church," but was entirely separated from it in reality, if by nothing else, at least by the total absence of "earnestness" in its members. Mr. Eliot's parson is anything but "earnest." He is a finished gentleman, and a good, though by no means an enthusiastic, magistrate. For the rest, he has more about him of the *dilettante* scholar than of the squirearchy, keeping the Foulis "Eschylus" by his elbow on the breakfast-table, and digesting a scrap of the "Prometheus" along with his well-appointed bachelor-meal. It is true that he is a self-denying man. Though he

has seen his forty-eighth birthday, he remains still unmarried for the sake of his dependent mother and sisters; and his tenderness towards one of the sisters, a constant invalid, is truly exemplary. But he takes to his bachelorhood kindly; and all his acts of goodness impress one with the notion of what is graceful and fitting, rather than of what is virtuous.

If we turn from Mr. Irwine to Dinah Morris, the Wesleyan female preacher, who plays heroine to Adam Bede's hero, we shall still be disappointed of getting at Mr. Eliot's "opinions." She is, indeed, admirably painted; painted with a minute, a truthful, and (obviously) a loving pencil. But all you can gather from the very extraordinary portrait of Dinah amounts to this—that the author has too much observation and candour to deny the fascination which a strong religious belief never fails to carry with it, or to question its powerful influence for good in times of sorrow or of despair. We may add that he manifestly believes the power and the benefits of such a conviction to have been brought into a very remarkable prominence among the early Wesleyans.

This negative catholicity is the cause or the result—perhaps a little of either—of a scrupulous naturalism which Mr. Eliot affects, and rather piques himself upon possessing. We shall have a word or two to say on this subject by-and-by; meantime the beginning of the first chapter is one of the most charmingly "natural" passages in the book.

The scene opens in the year (of course "of Our Lord") 1799,\* and in the roomy workshop of Jonathan Burge. Mr. Burge is a well-to-do carpenter and builder in the village of Hayslope. Hayslope, Broxton, and Hythe are three hamlets in the fertile district of Loamshire, a north-midland county, not far from the border of the grimmer Stonyshire, and they unite in paying 700*l.* a year to that delightful pluralist, the Rev. Adolphus Irwine. On a pleasant bed of shavings in the workshop, where the scent of pine wood mingles with the scent of elder blossom, an intelligent shepherd dog lies watching a workman, who is his master, Adam Bede:

"It was to this workman that the strong barytone belonged which was heard above the sound of plane and hammer singing—

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth. . . ."

Here some measurement was to be taken which required more concentrated attention, and the sonorous voice subsided into a low whistle; but it presently broke out again with renewed vigour—

"Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noonday clear."

Such a voice could only come from a broad chest, and the broad chest belonged to a large-boned muscular man nearly six feet high, with a back so flat and a head so well poised, that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeve rolled up above the elbow showed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength; yet the long supple hand, with its broad finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill. In his tall stalwartness Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified his name; but the jet-black hair, made the more noticeable by its contrast with the light paper cap, and the keen glance of the dark eyes that shone from under strongly marked, prominent, and mobile eyebrows, indicated a mixture of Celtic blood. The face was large and roughly hewn, and when in repose had no other beauty than such as belongs to an expression of good-humoured honest intelligence."

The inner man of "Adam Bede" is pretty much what might be augured from an exterior like this. He has frequented a night-school, and made himself a capital hand at figures. He has a will, moreover, to match his vigorous arm, and a clear outspoken tongue. But though, in addition to, and in consequence of all this, "he is an uncommon favourite w/ the gentry," and is pronounced by the landlord of the Donnithorne Arms to be "a little lifted up and peppery-like," yet he has no wish to rise but by the ordinary chances of his trade. His veneration for the higher orders is largely developed, and it is fostered by a warm admiration for the young heir

\* Is it one of the "anfractuosities" of the fiction-writing mind, that it must needs specify every year A.D. as being a "year of grace," or "year of Our Lord?"

of Donnithorne Chase, a new-fledged captain in the Loamshire Militia, whose niggardly grandfather is fast tottering towards the grave.

Adam is a model son to his old mother "Lisbeth," whose increasing years have been embittered by "the feyther," once a good husband and clever workman, but for the last ten years (ever since Adam was a lad of sixteen) hopelessly given over to "the drink." On his return from the workshop, where we saw him busily employed on a fine June afternoon, he finds that his father, having engaged to furnish a coffin at an early hour the next morning, had been away at his usual haunts all day, and was not likely to return sober that night. He sets furiously to work to redeem the engagement; and steadily rejects the overtures of his mother with a view to supper, or the more direct help of his younger brother Seth. Seth is a milder edition of Adam, and a pious Wesleyan Methodist; he has come in late from hearing the open-air preaching of Dinah Morris, who has an irresistible call in that direction, and who is the idol of poor Seth's affections. And so Adam works on lustily, till his mother and brother are fast asleep, and it is half an hour past midnight. He is thinking, as he works, half-angrily and half-sorrowfully of his delinquent father, revolving all the drawbacks laid by him upon his own advance in life, but steadily determining never to slip the yoke, and "leave the load to be drawn by the weak 'uns':

"At this moment a smart rap, as if with a willow wand, was given at the house door, and Gyp, instead of barking, as might have been expected, gave a loud howl. Adam, very much startled, went at once to the door and opened it. Nothing was there: all was still, as when he opened it an hour before: the leaves were motionless, and the light of the stars showed the placid fields on both sides of the brook quite empty of visible life. Adam walked round the house, and still saw nothing except a rat which darted into the woodshed as he passed. He went in again, wondering; the sound was so peculiar, that, the moment he heard it, it called up the image of the willow wand striking the door. He could not help a little shudder, as he remembered how often his mother had told him of just such a sound coming as a sign when some one was dying. Adam was not a man to be gratuitously superstitious; but he had the blood of the peasant in him as well as of the artisan, and a peasant can no more help believing in a traditional superstition than a horse can help trembling when he sees a camel. Besides, he had that mortal combination which is at once humble in the region of mystery and keen in the region of knowledge: it was the depth of his reverence quite as much as his hard common-sense, which gave him his disinclination to doctrinal religion, and he often checked Seth's argumentative spirituality by saying, 'Eh, it's a big mystery; she know'st but little about it.' And so it happened that Adam was at once penetrating and credulous. If a new building had fallen down and he had been told that this was a divine judgment, he would have said, 'May be; but the bearing o' the roof and walls wasn't right, else it wouldn't ha' come down;' yet he believed in dreams and prognostics, and you see he shuddered at the idea of the stroke with the willow wand."

The tap comes again, and is again unexplained. But early the next morning, as Adam and Seth are coming back from the delivery of the finished coffin, they find the corpse of their father, drowned in the "Willow Brook," not many yards from his own door.

It is more, however, in his dealings with Arthur Donnithorne ("the heir," "the young Squire," and "the Captain"), that the true staple of Adam's character is made to appear. It is clear from the first, in spite of all the idolatry and adulation of the tenantry, that this young gentleman's virtues are far too resplendent to wear well. He is to come of age in the orthodox way on the 30th of July, and about a month before that time, he happens, in company with Mr. Irwine, to pay a visit to the "Hall Farm," where live Martin Poyer and his wife, their children, and a bewitching niece, by name Hetty Sorrel. Hetty is the "cynosure" of all the eyes that dare look her way,—of the stolid Luke Britton, her strictly bucolic admirer, of Mr. Craig, the obsequious gardener at the Chase, and of Adam Bede. But the white hands and soft voice of the Captain are all-conquering, let alone the visions about "being made a lady of" and the imagined feelings of Mary Burge, Hetty's rival by position in the social scale, when the report of her dresses and equipages shall have astonished the natives of Hayslope. When we add that the farmer's niece

learned fancy-work of the lady's maid at Donnithorne Chase, and that the Captain was fond of strolling in the "Grove," a wood adjoining the road to the house, the sequel seems sufficiently obvious. And it must be owned that the commonplace character of the plot at this point in the story requires all Mr. Eliot's fine power of analysis and of truly charming description, to redeem it from the charge of flatness. The rock ahead of Mr. Eliot was the danger of lowering his book to the level of ordinary fiction, and the danger was based upon the striking similarity between some of his incidents, and the time-honoured shocks which have always been ready (in books, at least) to prevent the course of true love from running smooth. But he has entirely succeeded in triumphing over this obstacle, and the crisis of discovery is admirably well conceived, and very powerfully written. Doubly elated by a recent appointment to be "manager of the woods," and by Hetty's unusually pleasant manner, which the reader knows very well to be only the reflected sunshine from Captain Donnithorne's face, it is Adam himself who finds out the truth. Coming back one glorious evening from some work at the Chase farm, he stops a moment in passing through the Grove, just to admire the beeches:

"What grand beeches! Adam delighted in a fine tree of all things: as the fisherman's sight is keenest on the sea, so Adam's perceptions were more at home with trees than with other subjects. He kept them in his memory as a painter does, with all the flecks and knots in their bark, all the curves and angles of their boughs; and had often calculated the height and contents of a trunk to a nicety as he stood looking at it. No wonder that notwithstanding his desire to get on, he could not help pausing to look at a curious large beech which he had seen standing before him at a turning in the road, and convince himself that it was not two trees wedged together, but only one. For the rest of his life he remembered that moment when he was calmly examining the beech, as a man remembers his last glimpse of the home where his youth was passed, before the road turned, and he saw it no more. The beech stood at the last turning before the Grove ended in an archway of boughs that let in the eastern light; and as Adam stepped away from the tree to continue his walk, his eyes fell on two figures about twenty yards before him.

"He remained as motionless as a statue, and turned almost as pale. The two figures were standing opposite to each other, with clasped hands, about to part; and while they were bending to kiss, Gyp, who had been running among the brashwood, came out, caught sight of them, and gave a sharp bark. They separated with a start—one hurried through the gate out of the Grove, and the other, turning round, walked slowly, with a sort of saunter, towards Adam, who still stood transfixed and pale, clutching tighter the stick with which he held the basket of tools over his shoulder, and looking at the approaching figure with eyes in which amazement was fast turning to fierceness.

They fight; and Arthur is made to write a letter of renunciation, being, as he was, on the point of joining his Militia regiment at Windsor. But the evil was not to be so repaired. It is enough to say that we find Hetty, in the third volume on the very eve of a patched-up marriage with Adam, becoming a wanderer in quest of her lover, put on trial for child-murder, and condemned to death, the punishment being commuted to transportation only through the most strenuous exertions on the part of young Donnithorne, who has just come into the property. To Adam the intended marriage had been anything but a patched-up one. Though never the same man since that terrible shock in the wood, he had continued to believe implicitly in her; and here follows the significant narrative of their betrothal—all passion on his side, mere indolent love of ease and of being loved at least by somebody on hers. They are walking home from church on a November Sunday, and Adam has just been taken into partnership by his master, the builder:

"He leaned towards her and took her hand, as he said—

"I could afford to be married now, Hetty—I could make a wife comfortable; but I shall never want to be married if you won't have me."

Hetty looked up at him and smiled through her tears, as she had done to Arthur that first evening in the wood, when she had thought he was not coming, and yet he came. It was a feeler relief, a feeler triumph she felt now, but the great dark eyes and the sweet lips were as beautiful as ever, perhaps more beautiful, for there was a more luxuriant womanliness about Hetty of late. Adam could hardly believe in the happiness of that moment. His right hand held her left, and he pressed her arm close against his heart as he leaned down towards her.

"Do you really love me, Hetty? Will you be my own wife, to love and take care of as long as I live?" Hetty did not speak, but Adam's face was very close to hers, and she put up her round cheek against his, like a kitten. She wanted to be caressed—she wanted to feel as if Arthur were with her again.

"Adam cared for no words after that, and they hardly spoke through the rest of the walk. He only said, 'I may tell your uncle and aunt, mayn't I, Hetty?' and she said 'Yes.'"

Here was the secret of poor Hetty's "Yes." She had missed the captain's royal smile, but there might be a worse makeshift than the carpenter; she can no longer hope to attract the gaze of drawing-rooms, but she may still queen it over Mary Burge; a carriage is now beyond her reach, but a spring-cart of her own would certainly be nice. Then comes the hidden dread; the journey in hope to search for her Arthur at Windsor; the journey in despair, on finding that he has left for Ireland; and that March day that was to have witnessed the marriage of herself and Adam dawns upon her in a condemned cell.

The poor young girl, whose heart in her galatea recalled, like Trix Esmond's, almost as much of one quality of the diamond as her eyes did of another, dies on the homeward passage at the expiration of her term. And Arthur returns, after long years of penance, a worn Peninsular officer.

We have purposely omitted any detailed mention of Dinah Morris in this slight sketch of the narrative, that the threads might be the better gathered up at its close. Dinah was a sort of cousin to Hetty, the latter being the farmer's own niece, the other, his wife's. Snowfield, a raw and barren manufacturing district, where "there were no trees, and the poor people were sorely pinched in the winter," was Dinah's chief residence, being the scene of her worldly work. She was a "hand" in a cotton-factory there, and only came across occasionally of a more human glow, forms no impediment to the obvious union of the best man in the book with the best woman.

One finds, when the end of the third volume has been arrived at, how large a portion of the interest has really been bound up with Dinah's quiet movements. And yet as the narrative is in progress, we feel sometimes as unconscious of her part in it, as Adam Bede was of the ascendancy which she had silently established over his later and more matured affections. The evident fitness of their union is well vindicated by the relations of the two at a certain crisis in the young carpenter's life. At his father's sad and sudden death, it is Dinah who succeeds in bringing comfort and strength to the weak-minded and desponding mother. She spends two days and a night in the pious task, and it is felt, that for that space there has been an "angel in the house." Her casual intercourse with Hetty and more than one other of the dramatic personae is seen to be all for good; but the crowning act of charity, an act that was in itself a kind of betrothal between Adam and herself, was the loving and tender care and sympathy bestowed upon Hetty in the condemned-cell. Locked in her cousin's arms, the young mother made the confession which had been denied hitherto, no less to Mr. Irvine than to the "sharp, fretty-faced chaplain." Holding her cousin's hand, and hanging on the prayers of her cousin's lips, she goes strengthened to the scaffold from which she is barely rescued. This was enough, at least for old "Lisbeth" and the generous brother, who though little more than a "woogathering methy," must be allowed the merit of having nobly resigned his claims upon Dinah. Yet even so, the old woman has to explain to Adam that he is in love with Dinah and Dinah with him, as the love of Ayacanora had to be explained by another mother to that obtusest of lovers, Sir Amyas Leigh. At last they did come to an understanding. "Adam paused, and looked into her sincere, loving eyes. 'Then we'll never part any more, Dinah, till death parts us.' And they kissed each other with a deep joy."

We have mentioned Mr. Eliot's power of analysis. It is very great indeed. The struggles of the really well-meaning but weak young captain, though drawn with the hand of a master, are far surpassed in respect to the delineation, by the picture of Hetty's distracted wandering, the battling with thoughts of suicide, the wayward instinct that prompts her to perform every act of self-preservation in the midst of an utter self-abandonment. There are just two points in this part of the narrative, a parallel to which it would be difficult to point out. They recall the less morbid efforts of Edgar Poe's imagination. On the first occasion, Hetty has dropped asleep at dusk on the edge of a pond, into which she has long been gazing. She awakes when night is well advanced, and in her chill and terror just remembers that there was a furze-shed two fields off,

where she gets into the sheep that there she finds the gorse v narrative. tears she has life, and sobs of the sheep alluded to instead of she chose for ti members towards it might find mind. We are been less nature." paint fro not more forth. A "Don't you that if he matation and about; but he prefers its own se so fond will hard the police would have narrative think whi vast arti the other. His desc are some with a al to "It wa Think But it drawba very abl and we o help it to Father Family, pleased us in our character, beautiful depict; of John's interesting O'Hara to find life, in remarkable preface former were c pasto we lov but rel venerated white success Twelft rated followe which This w local to formed the ch photog XUM

where she might lie down for the night. She gets into the field at last; it is pitch dark, but sheep are heard grazing. Yes, she remembers that there were sheep in that field. But when, feeling her way along the rails of the sheep-fold, she finds her hand encountering the pricking of the gory wall, it is hard to escape the spell of the narrative. That prickly gorse brought the first tears she had shed since leaving Windsor,—“tears and sobs of hysterical joy that she had still hold of life, that she was still on the familiar earth, with the sheep near her.” The other point to which we allude is simply this: On her way to Windsor, she had gone, by mistake, to Stratford-on-Avon instead of to Stony Stratford. On the way back she chose to go there again, having no thought or care for time; and the reason is, that “she remembered some grassy fields on her former way towards it—fields among which she thought she might find just the sort of pool she had in her mind.”

We are inclined to think that Mr. Eliot has been less happy in his conceptions of “following nature.” He seems to exult in imagining a complaint from his lady-readers, that Mr. Irvine is not more satisfactory, more “spiritual,” and so forth. And the plain English of his reply is, “Don’t you wish you may get it?” He remarks that if he had been a clever novelist, this consumption and many another might have been brought about; but that he is not a clever novelist, that he prefers the pot-and-pan side of human life for its own sake, and that this is why he was always so fond of Dutch paintings. And yet Mr. Eliot will hardly deny that, for purely didactic purposes, the police-report in the *Loamshire County Chronicle* would have served better than his own thrilling narrative of Hetty’s trial. And one is puzzled to think whose skill it can be that has caused the vast artistic superiority of the one account over the other, if it be not the skill of a clever novelist. His descriptions of scenery are rather long. We are sometimes more than half-inclined to adopt with a slight alteration the country epitaph, and to epitomise a panorama three or four pages long:

“It was—but words would fail to tell you what—  
Think what a landscape should be; it was that.”

But it is a thankless task to hunt out the few drawbacks in a book like Adam Bede. It is a very able, and a very uncommon performance; and we can hardly doubt that its excellences will help it to a large and grateful public.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Father Connell. A Tale.* By the O’Hara Family. (Dublin: O’Byrne & Co.) We are pleased to see this republication in a cheap form of the best of those well-known tales which gave us our first faithful delineations of Irish life. The character of Father Connell is one of the most beautiful that ever fell to the lot of a novelist to depict; and now that the recently-published life of John Banister has furnished us with the very interesting particulars of the way in which the O’Hara Tales were concocted, we are not surprised to find that the character is drawn from the life, in common with some others of the most remarkable in the story. Mr. Michael Banister, the last survivor of the “family,” supplies a preface and some notes of much interest. In the former he tells us, “When my brother and I were children, the Rev. Richard O’Donnell was pastor of St. John’s parish, Kilkenny. As children we loved our simple-hearted, worldly innocent, but religiously wise old pastor; in manhood we venerated his memory. We had been wearers of white muslin surplices in his choir; for some successive years we were guests at his primitive Twelfth-night feast of cakes and ale; and decorated with tiny scarfs and hatbands, we were followers in the nearly three-miles procession which accompanied him to his humble grave.” This was the Father Connell of the tale. The local scenery, and many of the events, we are informed, are likewise sketched from nature, and with the characters supply us with a highly interesting photographic picture of Irish provincial life of half a century since. The book, though cheap,

is excellently got up, and printed with good clear type on bright paper. Remembering Lord Stanhope’s speech on the occasion of opening the Printers’ Almshouses, and his complaint of the way in which too much of our cheap literature is got up, this circumstance is well worthy of note.

*The Cavaliers of Fortune; or, British Heroes in Foreign Wars.* By James Grant. (Routledge & Co.) Seventeen British heroes, who served various foreign powers in wars during the last two centuries, have here their martial exploits related in a warm and telling style, which might probably tempt many a gallant youth to follow their example, if this were an age in which merely military adventurers received much foreign encouragement. No end of fighting is described in the volume; we have reckoned up from it a far greater number of engagements of one sort or other, than are described in some of the histories of the Peninsular war. Many, if not all, of the conflicts appear in the light of personal combats, and, while reading them, we unconsciously hold our breath at the fatal character of the struggle. Of course, much of this effect arises from the power of Mr. Grant’s colouring. A fray in the streets may, by a certain sort of writing, be magnified into a riot, though the investigation of the police magistrate may reduce it to an individual assault. Mr. Grant’s imagination, and the necessity he was under for producing great effects, have disqualified him for taking a simply judicial view of the many encounters he describes with so much vivacity. But making allowances for some historical exaggeration, and for a good deal of hero-worship, he has succeeded in manufacturing a literary article of intense interest, one that ought to find a place in every regimental library, and one that will enchain the attention of civilians, as much as soldiers.

*Animal Physiology.* By W. B. Carpenter, M.D. (H. G. Bohn.) This is a new edition, thoroughly revised, and partly re-written, of a work, the reputation of which may be described as European. It is somewhat in the nature of an educational treatise, but in carrying out his plan, Dr. Carpenter uses his own materials; the effect is an original production, which, while ensuring to the student a general knowledge of the facts and doctrines of physiological science, disciplines the mind in the investigation of facts, and so lays a solid foundation for the development of truth. Dr. Carpenter is an earnest priest in the temple of Nature; and his introductory chapter is an eloquent exposition of what we may gain or lose by accepting or rejecting the practical lessons we may learn from her.

Several works of fiction intended for juvenile perusal are upon our table. We have *The Canadian Crusade*, published by Hall, Virtue, & Co. It is the second edition of a striking tale, written by Mrs. Trail, and edited by Agnes Strickland. We have *The Kangaroo Hunters; or, Adventures in the Bush*, by Anne Bowman, published by Routledge; *The Adopted Daughter; or, The Winsoms of Winsom Park*, by Margaret Lew, published by A. W. Bennett; and *Beatrice; or, Six Years of Childhood and Youth*, by Mrs. S. Valentine, published by Tegg & Co. These may beguile many an hour, and they are all adapted to interest the feelings of youth. To these must be added, *Agnes Hopetoun’s Schools and Holidays*, by Mrs. Oliphant, published by Macmillan, which will be found full of charms by those for whose instruction it has been written.

Among the pamphlets we have received are several of a political character, the season for such publications having arrived, now that Parliament is sitting, and our legislators being about to consider a variety of suggested reforms. Parliamentary reform of course is a most prolific topic; and, accordingly, Messrs. Judd & Glass send us their edition of *Mr. Bright’s Speeches at Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Bradford, Rochdale, and in the metropolis*. From Ridgways we have received the third edition of Sir Arthur Elton’s, *The Ballot: a Conservative Measure*; and also a smart production under the title of *Reform: Finger-posts and Beacons. Law*

reform is less productive in this way than parliamentary reform, though it is vital; and Mr. Amer has published *The Speech of the Solicitor-General, M.P., on the Introduction of Bills to Simplify the Title to Landed Estates, and to Establish a Registry of Titles to Landed Estates*, delivered in the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th inst.

Messrs. Hodges, Smith, & Co., of Dublin, have published in the form of a pamphlet, *The Addresses from the Year 1852 to 1858*, delivered by Vice-Chancellor Brady at meetings of the Senate of the Queen’s University in Ireland, to confer degrees on students of the Queen’s Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway. Those of the Lords-Lieutenant who successively attended the meetings. The Vice-Chancellor, in his address on the 15th of October last, at which Lord Eglington was present, noticed a curious coincidence which is well worth mentioning:

“I will take leave to remind his Excellency that the first convocation for a similar purpose [granting degrees] took place in 1852. \* \* \* Six years have since elapsed; we are still in the infancy of the institution. His Excellency was pleased on that occasion to say that we had advanced, as compared with institutions of a similar character, to a very great extent. Comparing our progress with the University of London, I may pursue that observation with great effect. The University of London first conferred degrees in 1839. In the period of seven academic years, from 1839 to 1845, they conferred the degree of B.A. on 169 persons. And that university draws students from various sources. We commenced in the year 1852, and in the seven academic years which end to day we conferred the degree of B.A., singularly enough, on the same identical number of individuals—169.”

Burns’ Centenary Poems continue to be sent to us in rather greater numbers than we are able to notice in detail. But we have received one that requires special acknowledgment. It is by Mr. Gerald Massey: the adjudicators for the Crystal Palace Company placed it fourth on the list of those recommended for printing. Mr. Massey says this reward is sufficient.” “My ambition,” he adds, “is satisfied,” and he honours his competitors by quoting Tennyson :

Honour the brave and bold,  
Long may the tale be told,  
Noble Six Hundred.

We confess the coincidence between Balaclava on the 25th October, 1854, and the Crystal Palace on the 25th January, 1859, never struck us before. There is something in numbers.

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## MISCELLANEA.

Geographical knowledge is evidently in some request among the officials of "Her Majesty's Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes," for we find that a notice is served upon one Philip Quarles, of Melbourne, "South Australia!" We do not think that any subsequent proceedings, based upon the validity of this notice, will have much force.—*Australian Gazette*.

The following, says the *New York Times*, is the true copy of a letter received in Boston from Ireland. [Evident but not unamusing fudge.]

"Tipperary, Ireland, March 27, 1858. My dear Nephew—I have not heard anything of ye sens the last time I wrote ye. I have moved from the place where I now live, or I should have written to you before. I did not know where a letter might find you first; but I now take my pen in hand to drop you a few lines, to inform you of the death of your own living uncle, Kilpatrick. He died very suddenly, after a long illness of six months. Poor man, he suffered a great deal. He lay a long time in convulsions, perfectly quiet and speechless, and all the time talking incoherently and inquiring for water. I'm very much at a loss to tell ye what his death was occasioned at; but the doctor thinks it was occasioned by his last sickness, for he was not well 10 days during his confinement. His age ye know just as well as I can tell ye; he was 25 years old last March, lacking 15 months; and if he had lived till this time he would have been six months dead, jist. N.B. Take notice, I enclose to ye a ten pound note, which your farther sends to ye unbeknown to me. Your mother often speaks of ye; she would like to send ye the bridle cow, and I would inclose her till ye but for the horns. I would beg of ye not to brake the sale of this letter until two or three days after ye read it, by which time it'll be better prepared for the sorrowful news.—Patrick O'Bryanigan. To Michael Glancy, No., Broad Street, United States of Ameriky, State of Massachusetts, in Boston."

Some natives in Bengal have petitioned her Majesty, praying for the introduction of the Indian lotus among the national emblems of the rose, thistle, and the shamrock.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 19th Feb., 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3535; on Monday, and Tuesday, free evenings, 3708. On the three Students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 703, one Students' evening, Wednesday, 304. Total, 8250. From the opening of the Museum, 788,387.

An article in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, signed V. de Mars, and entitled "De l'emploi de la Marine dans les Guerres Continentales," is attributed to the pen of the Prince de Joinville.

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C. DOUGLAS SINGER, Secretary.

## THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT, CASH ACCOUNT AND BALANCE SHEET to 31 December last, as laid before the Members of THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, at the General Meeting on WEDNESDAY, 16th FEBRUARY, 1859, is now printed, and may be had on a written or personal application at the Society's Office, 39, King Street, Cheapside, E.C. To the Report of the Directors is appended a list of Bonuses paid on the Claims of the year 1858.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Directors have to intimate that the books of the Society close for the current year at 1st March next, and that Proposals for Assurance lodged on or before that date will entitle Policies to one year's additional Bonus over later Entrants.

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[Instituted 1831.]

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